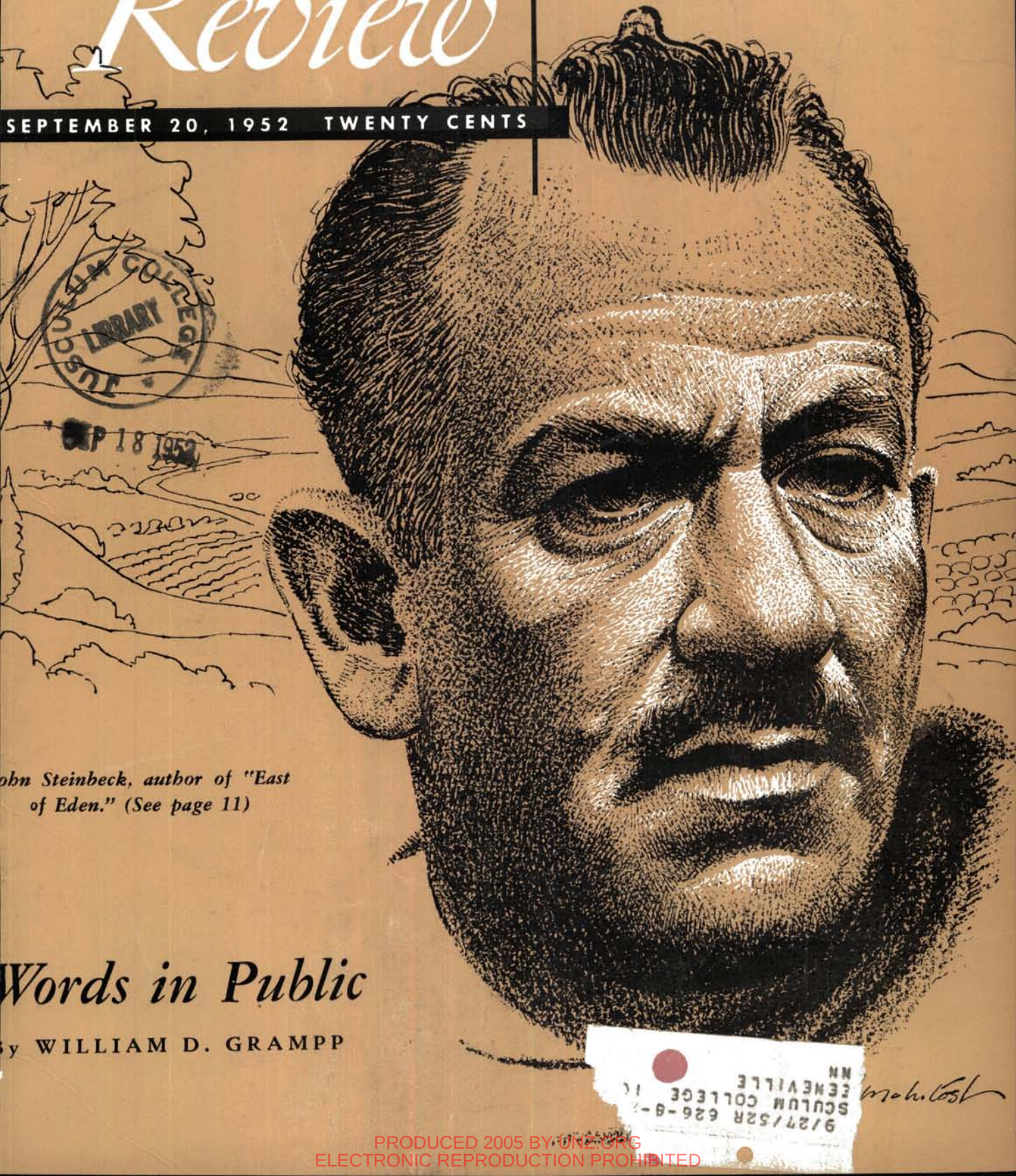
Saturday Review

SEPTEMBER 20, 1952 TWENTY CENTS

11 SCHOLARS LOOK AT THE "GREAT BOOKS"

A Symposium



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ohn Steinbeck, author of "East of Eden." *(See page 11)*

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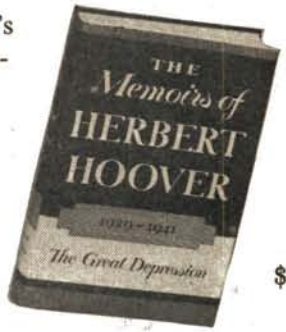

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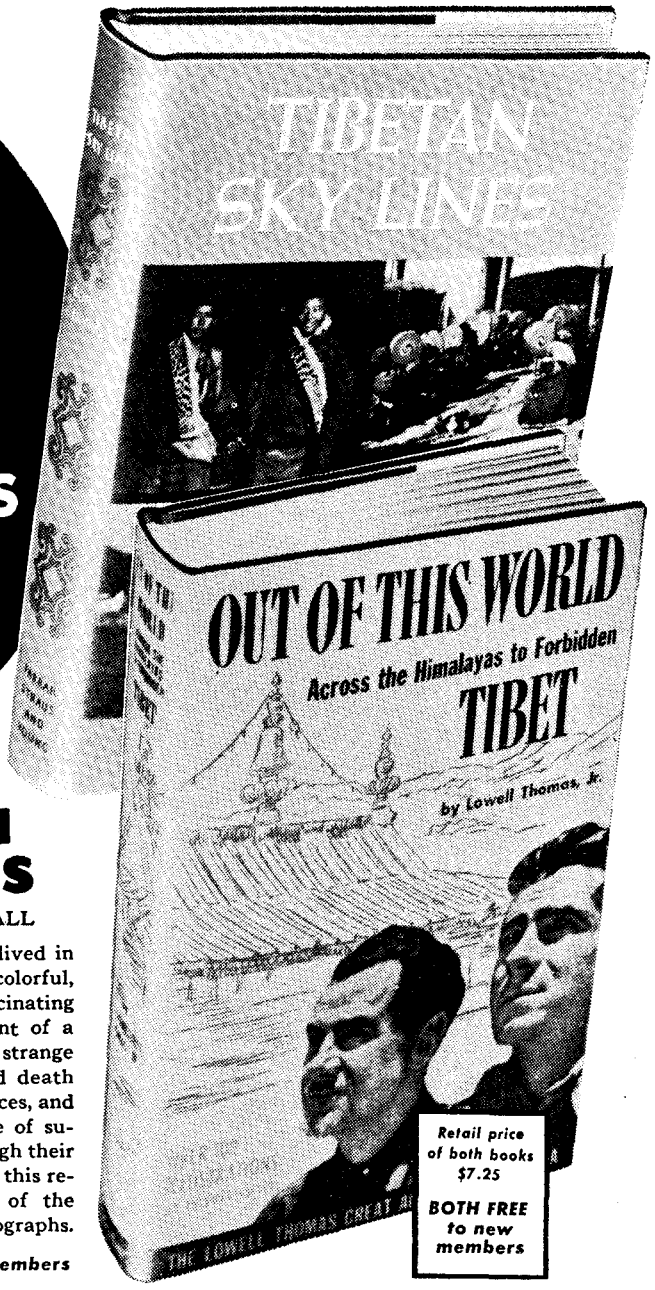
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Cover Drawing by Hal McIntosh
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SR/IDEAS

WORDS IN PUBLIC, by William D. Grampp 9
THE INTELLECTUAL DISCOVERS AMERICA: An Editorial 24
AUTUMN TRAFFIC-JAM: An Editorial by Raymond Walters, Jr. 25

SR/BOOKS

EAST OF EDEN, by John Steinbeck
Reviewed by Harvey Curtis Webster 11
ISLAND PRIEST, by Henri Queffelec
Reviewed by Laurence LeSage 12
THE TENDER AGE, by Russell Thacher
Reviewed by Oliver La Farge 13
THUDBURY, by Clyde Brion Davis
Reviewed by Frederick J. Hoffman 13
BEYOND THE HIGH HIMALAYAS, by William O. Douglas
Reviewed by John Frederick Muehl 14
KAREN, by Marie Killilea
Reviewed by Pamela Taylor 15
SOUTH OF FREEDOM, by Carl T. Rowan
Reviewed by Arna Bontemps 15
THE "GREAT BOOKS OF THE WESTERN WORLD": A Symposium
GUIDE TO PARNASSUS, by C. E. M. Joad 16
1. ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE, by Joseph Wood Krutch 17
2. CLASSICS, by Moses Hadas 18
3. THEOLOGY, by Liston Pope 19
4. PHILOSOPHY, by John Herman Randall, Jr. 19
5. SCIENCE, by I. Bernard Cohen 20
6. EUROPEAN LITERATURE, by Thomas Bergin 21
7. ECONOMICS, by George Soule 21
8. HISTORY, by August C. Krey 22
9. GOVERNMENT, by Peter Odegard 23
10. PSYCHOLOGY, by H. A. Overstreet 23
REMEMBER AND BE GLAD, by Cynthia Asquith
Reviewed by Harry T. Moore 29
ADLAI STEVENSON, by John Bartlow Martin
Reviewed by John T. Winterich 30
THE GATHERING DARKNESS, by Thomas Gallagher
Reviewed by Nathan Rothman 40
BLOOD ROYAL, by Robert Payne
Reviewed by Thomas Caldecot Chubb 41

SR/DEPARTMENTS

TRADE WINDS, by Laura Z. Hobson 6
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 28
BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT, by Henry Hewes 32
SR GOES TO THE MOVIES, by Arthur Knight 34
TV AND RADIO, by Gilbert Seldes 35
LITERARY CRYPT 40
LITERARY I.Q. 41
BOOKED FOR TRAVEL, by Horace Sutton 44
GUIDE TO BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE, by Mary Gould Davis 46
DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 965 51

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Good News

▶ Symphony Fair, held annually in Waukesha, Wis., (pop. 22,000), is a unique event. This year members of the fire department worked for weeks to produce doll cradles and chopping boards; the local soil conservation agent baked loaves of rye bread from his mother's recipe; a doctor picked watercress from his brook; the orchestra conductor's wife made an Irish linen blouse; a clergyman turned in the doll house that had served three generations of youngsters in his family; Alfred Lunt set aside fruit preserves from his nearby farm and the pies his mother baked; a first violinist raided his wife's pantry for her famous pickled cherries. Farm women and town women baked and sewed. Small fry made dozens of finger paintings. These things were placed on sale at Symphony Fair to pay for the series of symphony concerts to be held during the coming winter months.

▶ An Australian policeman has written and illustrated a series of booklets for children, in an effort to combat the growing menace of road accidents. The booklets contain stories which point out the danger of careless play in the streets and the need to respect safety rules. The Government has adopted the policeman's scheme and is now distributing the booklets in Australian schools. No results have been announced.

▶ A Scandinavian passport union has now become a reality, the Governments of Denmark, Finland, Norway, and Sweden having made identical decisions to that effect. The new system abolishing passports for travel among the Scandinavian countries will mean, among other things, the elimination of fourteen million entry and exit stamps. This area is the largest territory in Europe that is free of passport regulations.

▶ In Bloomfield, N. J., Robert (Cliff) Hampson, former mail carrier who for twelve years brought good news and bad to local residents, now is receiving all good news from the families he served. They have collected money to help defray his expenses at Warren Hospital, where he is in serious condition with injuries suffered in a highway accident. Three members of his family were killed in the crash. In addition, members of Bloomfield branch of the National Association of Letter Carriers have already collected $300 of a $1,000 benefit goal for him and members have contributed twenty pints of blood to a special bank.

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The Alien Vision of Victorian Poetry

Sources of the Poetic Imagination in Tennyson, Browning, and Arnold

By E. D. H. JOHNSON. A fresh appraisal of the poetry of Tennyson, Browning, and Arnold, based on the theory that Victorian literature is in large part the product of a double awareness—the artist's consciousness of an expanding public, and his often contradictory need to remain faithful to his private creative insights. The author attempts to penetrate the conventional surface of Victorian poetry and to reveal the unsuspected aspects of beauty and significance concealed beneath. *$4.00*

The Sense of Shakespeare's Sonnets

By EDWARD HUBLER. A delightfully written book on Shakespeare's sonnets, which seeks to dispel the notion that they were the beautiful but empty elaboration of conventional matter. Instead, the author reveals that Shakespeare's mind found constant expression in them and that his developing thought fits into the larger context of his thought in the plays. Edward Hubler is professor of English at Princeton. *Princeton Studies in English, No. 33.* *$3.00*

Time and Eternity

By W. T. STACE. A distinguished scholar and thinker offers in this small book an essay on the greatest spiritual problem of the modern world—the conflict between religion and the philosophy of naturalism.

Mr. Stace's book is especially interesting in the light of his famous 1947 Atlantic Monthly article, "Man Against Darkness," which has been widely misunderstood as adopting the position of atheism. As Mr. Stace says, "The present book is a defense of religion." The author does not retract—indeed he reaffirms—his naturalism, but he endeavors "to supplement it with that other half of the truth which I now think naturalism misses." *$3.00*

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TRADE Winds

APPROACHING EIGHTY, LAST YEAR, Bertrand Arthur William Russell found himself in an experimental mood. He got to wondering, as so many lesser mortals do, whether he could write fiction, publishable fiction. Unlike lesser mortals, the redoubtable Lord Russell sat himself down and proceeded to find out. Which is to say that after a lifetime devoted to mathematics, logic, and philosophy he began his first short story.

He not only began it; he stuck with it until he had finished it, and called it "The Corsican Ordeal of Miss X." Thereupon he turned it over, under pledges of the greatest secrecy, to his British publisher, Sir Stanley Unwin, who is head of Allen and Unwin and also of The Bodley Head Press, with the blithe news that writing fiction was "so relaxing" that he meant to go ahead and write several other stories for the next year or so. When Sir Stanley had recovered enough aplomb to be able to adjust and focus his vision, he began to read the story, and immediately thereafter proceeded with arrangements to publish it, under the most careful anonymity, however, in a British magazine.

A contest was held among the magazine's readers, with prizes offered, to anybody who could correctly name the author of the work. Many thousands of letters were received; virtually every famous English writer was named, living or dead, from Galsworthy to Shaw to Maugham to Wells to Noel Coward. Not one reader suggested Bertrand Russell.

"The Corsican Ordeal of Miss X" was described to me in detail by Max Schuster, who has a copy of it, what with S. & S. being Lord Russell's American publisher. "It's a kind of

cross," Mr. Schuster said, loving every moment of talk about it, "between 'The Count of Monte Cristo' and Conan Doyle and Rider Haggard, with wonderful wit and wisdom that is purest Russell; it's high adventure stuff, but also a slashing sort of comment on the old-style aristocracy of Europe." Mixed in with the wit and wisdom, it appears, are plenty of vendettas, plottings, robust oaths, rich castles, and beauteous ladies. I gather that though the story has what some critics might be dull enough to call technical flaws, only a real sourpuss could fail to find great pleasure in everything else it offers.

By now, Lord Russell has completed four more stories, and has a couple of other ones outlined or under way. When there are a total of seven stories, they will be published in book form, in England by The Bodley Head, and here by S. & S. That should be next July, when Lord Russell, the fiction debutant, will be eighty-one.

MARGARET HALSEY'S FIRST BOOK since her admirable and famous "Color Blind" six years ago is called "The Folks at Home," published last week. The folks are you and me and our neighbors, we who inhabit the richest and most powerful country in the world, and so often manage to be the world's most jittery citizens. Miss Halsey contends that one of the root causes for our national tension is that we are all brought up, for our first eighteen or twenty years, being "taught that blessed are the meek . . . that no man can serve both God and Mammon," and then heaved into a business society that is aggressive, competitive, full of go-getting, bringing-home-the-bacon, and signing-on-the-dotted-line. This is not precisely the neatest formula, says Miss Halsey, for achieving a whole and integrated adulthood, and with fractured adults all over the place happy evenings in the home are fairly unlikely.

Speaking of "the American legend of the cozy corporation," for instance, she says, "No literate American can get very far away from full-page ads and planted magazine articles in which one or another of our giant industrial empires is described as a great, lumbering, affectionate Newfoundland dog, panting to lick the face of the beloved American consumer. Friendly General Motors. Likable G. E. Serious-minded U. S. Steel. Jolly good fellows, all of them."

A regular Betty Furness, no?

A BRAND-NEW LADY LECTURER recently had the brand-new thrill of receiving, for free, an advance copy of a book about to be published by Knopf. Inside she found the standard review slip saying, "We shall appreciate receiving two copies of any review or mention of this book." In due time,

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the lady found reviews of the book in *SR* and in *Time,* bought two copies of each magazine, neatly clipped out the reviews therein, and dutifully sent them in to Alfred Knopf.

THE TWELFTH BOOK by Arthur Koestler, "Arrow in the Blue," published this week by Macmillan, is the story of his life up to his twenty-seventh year, when, in 1931, he joined the Communist Party. Thus, it is autobiography, but if the word "autobiography" whets your appetite for more chic, sleek, clique stuff, like what you found in Ilka Chase's "Past Imperfect" or Noel Coward's "First Person Singular," this book is not for you. This, for all its many engaging lines of humor, is an emotional and intellectual experience, serious in purpose, terribly revealing.

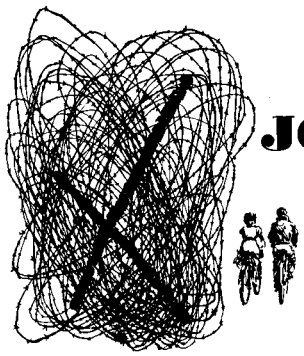
Mr. Koestler's attitude toward the usual run of autobiography comes clear in his third chapter, "The Pitfalls of Autobiography." "On the one hand, we have the starchy chronicle of the stuffed shirt; on the other, the

embarrassing nakedness of the exhibitionist . . . apart from these two extremes, there are various other snares . . . the most common of these is what one might call the 'Nostalgic Fallacy.'

"With an aching, loving, bittersweet nostalgia, the author bends over his past like a woman over the cradle of her child; he whispers to it and rocks it in his arms, blind to the fact that the smiles, and howls, and wrigglings of his budding ego lack for his readers that unique fascination which they hold for him. . . ."

After giving this point a thorough going over, Mr. Koestler proceeds to the "Dull Dog Fallacy. A great many memoir writers are so afraid of showing off that they portray themselves as the dullest dogs on earth . . . a shy, restrained, reserved, colorless individual; . . . the reader wonders how he could possibly succeed in making so many friends, in being always in the midst of interesting people, events, and emotional entanglements."

Arthur Koestler could not be a dull dog if he tried. And, despite the evidence given above and in the chapter called "The Koestler Saga" which you may have read recently in *The New Yorker* without realizing you were sampling "Arrow in the Blue," he is only occasionally, in this



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—FREDERICK MORTON, *Sat. Review*

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An occasion rare and wonderful

Humor is so rare, humor is so precious, that the appearance of a new, *genuinely* humorous work should be embraced and proclaimed

Such a work is now appearing in the pages of HOLIDAY magazine. It's a new series by Ruth McKenney, who gave us her unforgettable *My Sister Eileen*. This is about another Eileen, sister's niece, and her brother, mother, father, nurses, and their impact on a surprised, but enchanted, Belgium.

Several have already appeared in HOLIDAY, more are to come. They're warm, they're funny, they're beautifully written, they stand an excellent chance of going on to fame and permanency, as did *My Sister Eileen*. If you have not already been exposed to the series, it is strongly recommended that you latch on to the October HOLIDAY now on the stands.

P. S. Also in this issue of Holiday you'll find other outstanding articles and features by such writers as Richard Llewellyn, Debs Myers, David Scherman, Irving Stone and Phil Stong, along with regular contributors such as Clifton Fadiman and Al Hine.

new book of his, an amusing dog.

For his life has not been one to be amusing about. Readers of his earlier work, particularly, perhaps, of his "Darkness at Noon," "Scum of the Earth," "Arrival and Departure," know much about the man he is, the events through which he has lived, his capacity for faith, feeling, doubt, agony. But they know it only obliquely. In "Arrow in the Blue" they will meet it head on, and piercingly. This is no book to read and forget.

AMY VANDERBILT, who, as we say in etiquette circles, is one of *the* Vanderbilts, her great-grandfather having been first cousin to, as we say in yachting circles, *the* Commodore, has written a book of etiquette called, not unnaturally, "Amy Vanderbilt's Complete Book of Etiquette." It's 700 pages long, will cost you five dollars and is coming from Doubleday early in October, with a first printing of 79,000 copies.

Unlike most available books on etiquette, this one does not enter into pained discussions of the propriety of having the chauffeur, the butler, and all the footmen in the same livery;

it even assumes that there are people, nice people, okay people, who do their own housework, cooking, and serving, and then crawl into a bed that no proper chambermaid has turned down.

What intrigues me more than any of the above, however (the books you get sent when you're crashing a column for a few weeks!), is that Amy Vanderbilt makes no tacit assumption, as do most of the other duennas of gracious living, that this country is inhabited solely by white Protestants of purest Mayflower vintage, and thus she includes lots of social lowdown about weddings for Roman Catholics and Jews, Quakers and Christian Scientists; gives you pointers about dietary laws for Jews, Catholics, and visiting Asians, asks, and answers, things like, "Should a Christian send a Christmas card to a Jew?" And vice versa.

Amy Vanderbilt also seems to have heard of divorce, housing problems, adoption of babies, foreigners who speak with accents, people who buy on instalments, and women who have jobs or wield gavels.

What's this country coming to, Commodore?

—LAURA Z. HOBSON.

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Words in Public

WILLIAM D. GRAMPP

"PLAIN question—plain answer!" a forthright young man demands of a confused and evasive old lady in "Howard's End." There are many persons who would like to hear the same order issued to those who write public documents and serious commentaries on public affairs. Those of us whose work requires that we read such papers are victims of an abuse which has gone uncorrected for much too long a time. In the interest of the long-suffering the following remarks and injunctions are offered, in the belief that they express what many persons often have felt but have stifled out of a mistaken notion of good manners or simply out of bewilderment. Others will find in these comments a suggestion of those experiences they happily have escaped. But so that our distress shall not be thought hopeless, we can recall that English is a sturdy language; only a thing as tough could take such abuse. The exhibit appended to this essay, which translates some great American papers of state into modern speech (see page 10), is meant to remind us that our language has not always been treated as shabbily as it now is.

Certain Words—As E. E. Cummings said, "certain ideas, gestures, rhymes/ having been used and reused to the mystical moment of dullness emphatically are/ Not to Be Resharpened." There are certain words as well. There are others which can be redeemed. I suggest a culling over of the following in order to separate the still useful from the unregenerate.

Worn quite beyond repair is *check* as both verb and noun (except when used by bankers and dressmakers). We have checked and rechecked, double and triple checked, conducted

spot, loyalty, quick, and final checks, we have checked up and down, over and through, in and out—all for so long that the multiple meanings of the word leave it without any meaning at all. We are powerless even to put a *check* to its use; let us banish it then.

Target is another, though in age a comparative infant. There are legislative targets, crop targets, charity targets, gross national product targets. It is a good word for sharp-shooters and marksmen, but public verbalists rarely hit it. Let them use *objective, end, purpose,* or even *goal.*

There has been too much *joint* planning, *joint* consultation, discussion, purpose, collaboration, effort. Where the idea must be expressed (and an adjective is not redundant), why not use *combined* (planning) or *common* (effort)? Joint can then be reserved for use as a vulgarism (and a good one it is, I think). There was the lady who said of her speakeasy, "What do you mean, 'dive'? I'll have you know this is a respectable joint."

Concept is a high-blown word which through indiscriminate use has become fly-blown. The "concept of national defense" can include all matters from ideas set forth by the very brassiest of brass to the way a memorandum circulates through the Defense Establishment. This, however, is not so bad as the "concept of the mass market," by which advertising men mean "large sales"; or the "concept of tourism," by which a country plans to lure free-spending Americans; or the *concept* of the corporation, the labor union, overtime wages, streamlining, and central heating. Almost always the word can be replaced by *idea,* or simply *notion.* Our half-formed thoughts are really not elevated by a verbal jacking up.

A good house cleaning would dust off *consummate, coordinate, integrate,* and *initiate*—restoring them to their proper place and putting them out of the reach of all who do not know how to use them. *Expedite* is beyond hope of redemption. Before it is too late, *gap* ought to be removed from public speech, as in the dollar *gap,* the export *gap,* inflationary and deflationary *gap.* It is not at all as expressive as its users think, and it is rapidly unraveling into something very imprecise. What originally was a quick way of expressing a complex economic idea (a concept, indeed) has become a means of escaping the implications of the idea; if anything is gaping, it is a *gap* in our thinking.

There are certain efforts to make speech more expressive by directing it along a course which avoids both pedantry and careless journalism. The efforts are apparent in words and phrases like *impact, to play a role, firming up, to make inroads, pressures,* out of which something like this can emerge: "With the firming up of prices resulting from the impact ef-

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Decline & Fall of the Document

Many readers of public documents and of commentaries on public affairs are apt in time to become indifferent to the abuse of language and, sinking back into numbness, will allow all sorts of enormities to be inflicted upon them. "Why," they will say of a particular statement, "what is wrong with this? This is just the accepted form of expression." Perhaps. But abuse was not always customary. Lest all of us become indifferent, it would be well if occasionally we read some of the great papers of the past on public affairs. While doing it we may imagine what they would be if they were written today. Consider, for instance:

The Declaration of Independence

When in the Course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another,

and to assume among the Powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them,

a decent respect for the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed with certain inalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness

When after continuous study and joint consultation the peoples of one country liquidate their obligations to another

and are determined to play a role among the Great Powers of the globe to which they are authorized by the concepts of natural and divine law

it is expedient to spell out the unifying principles on which their action is based.

We accept these facts as data, namely that all peoples are equal as regards national sovereignty, that they are empowered to exercise certain prerogatives, numbered among which are life, freedoms, and the struggle for happiness.

"The Crisis" by Tom Paine

These are the times that try men's souls.

The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of their country;

but he that stands it *now*, deserves the love and thanks of man and woman.

This is the epoch of the neurotic personality.

Those persons whose psychodynamic structure can be equilibrated only in the context of an absence of external anxiety will in this era of socio-economic convulsion manifest an inability to discharge their social responsibilities;

while those who can assimilate the impact of exogenous pressures will legitimately command the respect of the community.

The Gettysburg Address

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure.

Eighty-seven years ago, on July four, this government assumed jurisdiction pursuant to the Declaration of Independence as consummated by representatives duly authorized at the state level to sit as a policy making body at the very highest level. The discussions were oriented by the concept that all persons were in the same category as regards compliance with federal authority.

Now we are involved in a domestic north-south-wise dispute in order to test the implementation of that policy.

fect of the deficit, we shall make inroads against deflationary pressures, and America will continue to play its leading role in the world economy." Dreadful, isn't it? The good intentions of those who use words this way does not make the effect any less dismal.

Finally, there are the cloud-cuckoo words, phrases, and verbal gestures which snatch us off the ground and lift us into a realm of giddy abstractions. Such are "socio-economic considerations" . . . "political and psychological realities" . . . "in the context of dynamic factors." Hardly ever can we know what the user *means* to convey. Almost always can one know what the words *do* convey, which is everything and therefore nothing. Instead of following the excellent advice of the semanticists, to become more and more specific whenever possible, the employers of cuckoo words become more and more abstract. Onward and upward we are carried until at last we are left floating about a cuckoo-land of verbalisms, flattered perhaps at having risen so high but utterly at a loss to know where we are.

Implement—In "The Portrait of a Lady," Elizabeth Archer is proposed to by a man in a passion as heated as James could make one. She rejects his offer, and he shows his distress by "agitating in his hand the implement of the chase" (a riding whip). This is merely preposterous. To use *implement* as a verb and to use it incessantly requires an amount of presumption which is truly an affront. Why must our plans be *implemented*? Are they so fine that they cannot just be "carried out"? Can't we simply fulfil a pledge; must it, too, be *implemented*? There is a mysterious attraction in the word which draws us to it as filings to a magnet. Of course, there is nothing incorrect about the way it is customarily used to mean "accomplish, fulfil, complete, or carry out," so long as the sentence makes clear which of these distinct meanings is intended. But the word creates unnecessary problems. Why not, instead of diffusing the meaning throughout the sentence, choose one of the synonyms which express it exactly—assuming always that we know well enough what we want to say to be able to define it sharply. I suspect that we should then use the word only as a noun. This would recapture its earlier associations. There was something pleasant about the sound of garden *implements*, but it has been ruined for me by having to read how Mr. Someone is going to *implement* the Marshall Plan, or the parity price of soybeans, or the advertising of a floor

(*Continued on page* 36)

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Fiction. In this busiest week of the 1952 publishing year we have room to appraise only eight novels, nearly all of which receive high marks from our reviewers. A boy passing through adolescence, a difficult yet rewarding topic for fiction, was studied in one of last year's finest novels, J. D. Salinger's "The Catcher in the Rye." Now Russell Thacher does well by the subject in "The Tender Age" (page 13). Daniel Doan will have another try at it a fortnight hence in "The Crystal Years." The American businessman, long neglected by novelists, was portrayed by Carl Jonas in his highly praised "Jefferson Selleck" (*SR* Jan. 26). Now Clyde Brion Davis offers another study of a tycoon in "Thudbury: An American Comedy" (page 13). Two newcomers who will bear the proverbial watching are Henri Quellefec ("Island Priest," page 12) and Thomas Gallagher ("The Gathering Darkness," page 40). By all odds the book of the week most certain to be talked about, and in our reviewer's opinion one of the best novels of the season, is John Steinbeck's "East of Eden" (below).

Out of the New-born Sun

EAST OF EDEN. By John Steinbeck. New York: Viking Press. 602 *pp.* $4.50.

By Harvey Curtis Webster

PERHAPS "East of Eden" isn't a great novel according to the strict conventions of formal purity so widely accepted today, but it will take almost equal quantities of pride and stupidity to deny that it is one of the best novels of the past ten years and the best book John Steinbeck has written since "The Grapes of Wrath." Most people will like it and many will buy it. They should, for it is to be doubted if any American novel has better chronicled our last hundred years, our trek from East to West to discover an Eden that always somehow escapes us and that we as a people yet continue to hope for and believe in.

"East of Eden" is not a compact novel like "Of Mice and Men," not brilliant sociological fiction like "The Grapes of Wrath" and "In Dubious Battle," not a temperately ironical tale of the disreputable who are more lovable than the respectable like "Tortilla Flat." It belongs really in the tradition of the novels Fielding wrote and Thackeray tried to. It gangles, yet is full of vitality; reading it you realize that Steinbeck has never learned or cared to learn the lesson of Henry James, but that doesn't seem to matter as you are carried forward by a narrative flow that encompasses vulgarity, sensibility, hideousness, and beauty.

In another sense, "East of Eden" can be taken as a long parable expertly told. Mostly it centers about Adam Trask, appropriately and Biblically named. He is a fallible, gullible, intelligent man who thinks he has found his earthly paradise in the Salinas Valley, is seduced by his Eve, and comes out of the moral wilderness this sends him into to achieve belief in himself and in the world he must learn to live in.

But as its length of six hundred pages suggests, this parable is as full of incidents and people who deviate from the main line of narrative as "Tom Jones." Some of the episodes, like the compact and highly interesting story of Cyrus Trask who never forgot the Civil War or learned gentleness, seem at first to be largely irrelevant. One feels that Steinbeck spends altogether too much time on the whores Adam's wife ultimately controls, too much loving description on the Salinas Valley, that he overcrowds his canvas with characters. Yet in the end the reader must conclude that there is little real irrelevance and that even the actual irrelevance is so full of vitality that he is glad Steinbeck did not do a sterner job of pruning.

The novel marks a definite advance in Steinbeck's thinking which has been defined by Edmund Wilson as too barely naturalistic. In his earlier novels, men approach the condition of animals with a uniformity that sometimes becomes monotonous. In "East of Eden," the animality is still there but it is joined to a sense of human dignity and what it may achieve. There is none of the sentimentality about the outcast you find in "Cannery Row," none of the unconvincing mysticism of "The Way-

THE AUTHOR: "East of Eden," the novel John Steinbeck has always wanted to write, is dedicated to Pascal Covici, his editor, whose interest in Steinbeck began with a one-dollar investment in 1933. Covici had wandered one day into the Argus Bookshop of Ben Abramson, in Chicago, where he was high-pressured into buying a copy of "The Pastures of Heaven," Steinbeck's second book. The stories fascinated Covici, just as they had Abramson, and he promptly telephoned his agent. Well, it turned out that Steinbeck's latest manuscript had just been returned by the seventh publisher. The rest is Cinderellaish: Covici, then of Covici, Friede, became the eighth publisher to read it, the first to love it. When the book finally appeared in 1935, the critics were on the side of Covici. The book was "Tortilla Flat," Steinbeck's first success. Steinbeck, it soon developed, was the closest thing to a good Texas oil well. Books gushed from him: in 1936, "In Dubious Battle"; in 1937, "Of Mice and Men," and "The Red Pony"; in 1938, "The Long Valley"; and in 1939, "The Grapes of Wrath," which won a Pulitzer Prize. Out of an angry decade he fashioned true, cosmeticless literature. He could make the critics wild with joy, as he did with "The Grapes of Wrath"; he could stir them to controversy, as he did with "The Moon Is Down," in 1942; and he could disappoint them, as he did with "The Wayward Bus," in 1947. Yet the critics apparently haven't a life-and-death hold on Steinbeck, at least these days. "Once," he reminisced the other day, "I read and wept over reviews. Then, one time, I put the criticisms all together and found that they canceled each other out and left me non-existent." Anyway, it now appears that all his work has been sort of a warm-up for "East of Eden," the 3-and-2 pitch of his life. "I feel a little numb about this book," he said. "I think everything else I have written has been, in a sense, practice for this. I'm fifty years old. If 'East of Eden' isn't good, then I've been wasting my time. It has in it everything I have been able to learn about my art or craft or profession in all these years. Do you know, I want terribly for people to read it and to like it. I'll be miserable if they don't." —Bernard Kalb.

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ward Bus." The main characters are good-and-bad, good, and bad; and one always has a sense that they are endowed with a freedom of choice that permits them to change their moral category.

The central core around which all the action convincingly moves and has its meaning is a long and profoundly interesting discussion of the story of Cain and Abel. Samuel Hamilton, Steinbeck's most convincingly lovable failure, Lee, a plausible learned Chinese who was raised a Presbyterian, and Adam are the talkers; but it is Lee, significantly, who makes Steinbeck's universally religious point: Every man is potentially Cain (including Abel). It is impossible to live without feeling guilt and without feeling unjustly rejected and inadequately loved. Still, every human being has the power to choose, whatever his conditioning. There is good and evil and the human soul, which is "always attacked and never destroyed," can decide for good, for evil, or for any of the stopping places in between.

What Steinbeck says through his favorite character would be unconvincing if it were not so adequately implemented by his characters in action. No one more hatefully probable and understandable than Cathy, more humanly good and errant than Lee and Samuel Hamilton, more uncomfortably and representatively perplexed than Adam, has appeared in contemporary fiction. These focal characters who bring meaning and focus into what superficially seems a sprawling narrative full of unguided life are Steinbeck's artful instruments in a novel that convincingly demonstrates that he is still one of the most important writers of our time.

A Rural Messiah

ISLAND PRIEST. By Henri Queffelec. Translated by James Whitall. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 248 pp. $3.

By Laurence LeSage

THIRTY-NINE years ago Maurice Barrès published "The Inspired Hill," a story of a defrocked priest whom the faithful refused to desert. Today, in the midst of considerable revival of interest in Barrès, a new writer scores a triumph with a novel of regional heresy that strikingly recalls Barrès's masterpiece. "Island Priest" tells the story of a Breton fisherman whom the inhabitants of a desolate Channel island elect to serve as priest.

Henri Queffelec, like Barrès before him, bends curiously over the soul of a rural Messiah whose zeal to lead his people brings him into anguishing conflicts with his conscience and situations that he must face alone in the full knowledge of his imposture. Did he, Thomas Gourvennec, unordained and illiterate, dare celebrate the mass and assume the responsibility for the souls on his island? But how he longed for the moment when he would turn round for the *Dominus Vobiscum* and see before him the church full of worshipers! The approval of the whole island surely meant that God was not offended by his presence in His house. Yet doubt and fear could not be shaken off. What should he do when young René Le Berre killed his mother? Could he give absolution to a murderer who had declared to him his criminal intention the very night before? The problems in Queffelec's novel are the profoundest of metaphysical issues—God, Church, Good, and Evil—dramatized in their crudest and simplest forms in the simple folk he knew intimately in his own province. Queffelec's fisherman of Brittany and Barrès's peasant of Lorraine are brothers in the intensity and elementary quality of their spiritual life. We can all feel a close kinship with them as the two authors plumb the depths of the human soul.

Henri Queffelec—"bends over the soul."

The regional aspect of "Island Priest," although just the setting for a spiritual drama which is universal, is of high merit. No one since Pierre Loti has set more vividly before the eyes a Breton fishing village. With strokes even cleaner and bolder than his predecessor, Queffelec paints the struggle of half-civilized creatures to keep alive on a treeless rock. We witness their daily existence, rites, and customs, as we follow the career of their make-believe priest. The weather is their greatest concern, and to it Queffelec devotes his fine descriptive skill. The seascapes and nature descriptions, animated by personification and whimsical imagery, invite comparison with those of Loti's "Iceland Fisherman."

This forty-year-old writer, whose talents link him with great masters of the French novel like Barrès and Loti, appears in English for the first time with this book. He is still comparatively unknown even in France, in spite of his seven novels and the general critical acclaim he received when "Island Priest" appeared in 1945. It was soon after made into a film entitled "God Has Need of Men," which had a highly successful run. Judging from this work alone, I should place Henri Queffelec high among the new novelists in France today.

Eternal Summer

By Joseph Joel Keith

HAVING known joy and still believing in her,
summoning thought from the place of bud and flower,
we can freshly feel each leaf of remembrance stir
and we can be shaken like the orchard blossoms' shower.

We can lie on the hill of midnight, lie alone,
drawing in sustenance rooted in our being,
claiming again the pregnant warmth, the known
seed we have fathered, being the freed and freeing.

And the words, the stirring words in embryo
hidden in darkness, we shall await with rapture;
then turn from the infant grown, and once more sow
lore with our love, to claim but not to capture.

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Sweet Ignorance

THE TENDER AGE. By Russell Thacher. New York: The Macmillan Co. 277 pp. $3.50.

By Oliver La Farge

RARELY does a boy become a man all at once. Adolescence consists of a series of self-discoveries and partial, often conflicting, spiritual mutations. The process continues, more slowly and less disturbingly, after adolescence; in the most fortunate humans it never entirely stops.

The novel of character is usually written around a time in an individual's life when internal and external influences bring him to one of his major mutations—or tells how he fails to mutate, which is tragedy. The adolescent main character gives the author a chance to present this universal process, in which the single character is at once protagonist and his own antagonist, in its most acute form. The impacts of external influences and internal responses are extra violent and extra clear.

It takes delicacy, restraint, perception, and realism to handle the subject well. The teen-ager enlarges his perceptions and feelings almost to the point of caricature, and his deadly seriousness about them also approaches caricature. The adult writer, working from observation illuminated by his memory of himself at the same age, needs a fine and sensitive hand to avoid the grotesque or the sentimental.

In "The Tender Age" Mr. Thacher shows that he qualifies for the job. His boy, Bunny, at the upper end of his teens, is thoroughly natural. He is not the overwrought, over-sensitive potential artist of "The Catcher in the Rye," nor the supremely ordinary character of "Seventeen." (We may consider "Seventeen" old-fashioned and mere caricature, but it does portray adolescent turmoil extremely well.)

Bunny Dedrick is just enough away and above average to make an interesting main character. He is normal. We recognize him. We can believe in his analyses and understandings of his parents and associates.

I do not recall any other book that states so well the new relationship between parents and children. To a member of what is rapidly becoming the older generation, the children's manner of speech to their parents, their choice of language, their frankness, are startling—but they are true. The author realizes, moreover, that this surface frankness does not lead necessarily to any greater understanding, trust, or sympathy between the generations. It takes more than speech to do that. The relations between Bunny and his sister, on the one hand, and their parents, on the other, are especially well handled.

—*Erich Hartmann.*

Russell Thacher—"self-discoveries."

One of the strengths of this book is the ordinariness of its human setting. The parents are middle-class, middle-aged people involved in the familiar lives of quiet desperation beyond their own ken. The boy's experiences, except for the final incidents in his relationship with the psychopathic Ramsey, are made of the common stuff, intensified only to the extent required for a good novel. His sister's involvements are similar. In the hands of a good writer, which Mr. Thacher plainly is, such material provides the strongest drama.

Bunny does not become a man overnight. We see him undergo a major mutation; we are left with the assurance that he will undergo more, and that they will be favorable. He is on the road to true manhood. This is a believable and satisfying tale.

C. B. Davis—"respects power."

Ring of Success

THUDBURY: An American Comedy. By Clyde Brion Davis. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 446 pp. $3.75.

By Frederick J. Hoffman

OTIS Paul Thudbury, says his worshipful friend and biographer, "may emerge as the Great American Titan of the first half of the Twentieth Century." Thudbury came into his wealth and power easily, but he used and expanded them shrewdly and vigorously. Born into a business empire of immense size and wide range, "Thud" (or "Doctor" Thudbury, as the narrator often respectfully calls him) very soon shows his talent for the ways of his world. He is a man of privilege and he knows how to exploit his advantages. Most conspicuous in this portrait of the big businessman is the nature of its description of "type": there are typical sayings, speeches, opinions, tastes, attitudes. Thudbury is lusty and forthright rather than gracious or mannered, convinced without need for proof of his station in life, its importance in the American community and economy, and the Republican doctrine which best defines and defends it.

In 1901, when he was graduated from Proctor College (which later, after a million-dollar endowment, gave him an honorary degree), "the New Century was glittering with promise and optimism." He serves one term as state senator, and as time goes on becomes an important member of Republican Party policy committees.

He grows in power and wealth as the century advances, rescues the Tolland (New York) bank from a disastrous run on its funds, keeps his employees and henchmen in line with small raises and large talks about loyalty, wins a newspaper war with the Democratic *Morning Star*, serves as a dollar-a-year man during World War I, and in all other ways acts the role his author has assigned to him. In the early 1920's, when the "Red scares" are at their height, Thudbury publishes "The Madness of Marxism," one of five books written by him. His points of view are strictly those of the well-taught businessman who respects power and believes that it naturally suggests a superior intelligence in those who have it. He would like to see "a sort of government by aristocracy," thinks one James J. Hill worth more than "ten thousand red-necked Irishmen," and resents what three "non-church-going agnostics"

(*Continued on page 40*)

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Personal History. If there is one type of book that dominates this autumn's lists it is the biographical and autobiographical memoir. But within that wide classification there are enough varieties of reading to suit almost every taste. For lovers of faraway places there is a new volume of travel reportage about strange lands and friendly peoples by Justice William O. Douglas, who wrote a bestseller about Persia just a year ago; his new book is called "Beyond the High Himalayas" (below). For parents who have found inspiration through books like John P. Frank's "My Son's Story" (*SR* May 31) we now have Marie Killilea's account of her daughter's battle against cerebral palsy in "Karen" (page 15). The politically-minded may indulge their partisanship through John Bartlow Martin's brief biography of "Adlai Stevenson" (page 30) and Wilson Hicks's picture-prose story "This Is Ike" (page 31).

Peering Into the Heartland

BEYOND THE HIGH HIMALAYAS. By William O. Douglas. New York: Doubleday & Co. 352 pp. $4.

By John Frederick Muehl

ANY writer who works with one eye on the critics is well aware that the most difficult kind of book to appraise is the one which combines a variety of forms thereby eluding the usual descriptive categories. Most critics themselves are quite conscious of the temptation to slight or oversimplify the "off-beat" manuscript, for the complexity of an author's intention may well be lost in the search for consistent standards. Somewhere, we all realize, a line must be drawn between a disorganized book and one vastly conceived, between a rather loosely put together potpourri of materials and a book which defies the conceptional conventions. In the case of "Beyond the High Himalayas," this line is not an easy one to draw, for while most often the book seems to transcend simple purpose, there are uncomfortable moments when it seems rather to lack one.

"Beyond the High Himalayas" is the story of William O. Douglas's travels through central Asia in 1951, more particularly the narrative of his trek into Tibet and his trip across Afghanistan and through the Khyber Pass. At least quantitatively, the bulk of the book is concerned with the brutally difficult conditions of travel, and for this reason, the publishers are perhaps well advised to place "Beyond the High Himalayas" in the category of Travel.

However, since Justice Douglas is more a thinker than a writer, most readers will be chiefly interested in his social and political insights. In reading his book one is repeatedly impressed by the courage and liberality of Mr. Douglas's point of view. Categorically, Mr. Douglas states the very sound position which many lesser believers only confess in private, that revolution in Asia is both natural and desirable and that the opposition of the West is pointless and self-defeating. He argues that three forces are contending in modern Asia: a corrupt traditionalism, Communism, and democracy. The real battle, he points out, is against the old order, and we cannot make alliances with the discredited past.

Justice Douglas's is largely a subjective argument. To this reviewer it seems all the better for that, sociology for its own sake, like art for art's sake, being empty and by definition devoid of purpose. Douglas's travels are not those of an ascetic historian but of a man of affairs who is committed to certain values in the light of which he inevitably interprets what he sees and by virtue of which he can be said to stand for something. Mr. Douglas's lens is his conception of human dignity and his belief that all men are ends, not means. It is through this lens that the experience of his trip is refracted and printed in the reader's mind.

But it is almost certain that opinion on this book will be mixed. If one accepts it, with this reviewer, as a kind of testament of a faith, the hardships, the dialogue, even the day-to-day chronology will assume a certain importance as a part of the whole scheme. To some, chiefly those who disagree with his conclusions, Mr. Douglas's book will seem disconnected and at times overly personal. And one could argue quite plausibly that the serious conclusions were imported along with the Spam and Halazone. In that case the effect is a rather curious one, like traveling with a friendly and informal guide who inexplicably halts at intervals, unfolding a portable lectern and lecturing for a few moments.

Certainly the connection is not always clear between the sex life of the guides and the *zeitgeist* of Lahula; Justice Douglas's prose, while lucid and direct, lacks the power and subtlety to make such things clear. But what Mr. Douglas does make clear is his abounding good will and his preference for talking about people rather than peoples, his suspicion of the cut-and-dried historical approach, and his enthusiasm for the democratic way of life. If one is prepared to focus on the author himself, he will find a consistency and pattern, if not present, at least possible. If he is not willing to do this much of the work for himself, he might better skip the book.

—From "China in Black and White"

"Repairing the Bridge," by Lin Yi.

John Frederick Muehl is the author of "American Sahib" and "Interview with India."

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—Blackstone Studios.

Marie Killilea and Carl T. Rowan—"we (fight) for the dignity of the individual."

An Image of Many Hopes

KAREN. By Marie Killilea. New York: Prentice-Hall. 314 *pp.* $2.95.

By Pamela Taylor

EXTRAORDINARY is the word to be used first, last, and repeatedly about this book. It is the true story of an extraordinary little girl, Karen Killilea, her parents (who must be extraordinary too), and their concerted battle with a disease which is not as extraordinary as one could wish.

The Killilea's first little girl was a darling, but the second had died, so that extra emotion was centered on Karen when she was born, three months ahead of time and weighing under two pounds. Not until she weighed eight pounds and was eight months old could she be brought home, and soon thereafter her parents began to realize that Karen was not doing most of the things a baby of her age should. When they could bring themselves to ask him, their wise and understanding doctor told them he had suspected for some time that Karen was a victim of cerebral palsy, that so far as he had been taught she could not be expected ever to sit up, use her hands, or walk, and that her life expectancy was as great as any normal person's. Still trying to adjust themselves to their terrible knowledge, the Killileas were sent to a New York specialist. It was to be the first of a long series of examinations, emotionally devastating and financially ruinous, examinations which held out no help by doctors who insisted that children afflicted with cerebral palsy had no mentality. "Take out an insurance policy so that she will always be provided for, send her to an institution, and forget you ever had her" was their advice. Presumably these doctors were acting in good faith; they were, however, dealing with an unusual pair of parents. And, living with her, the Killileas *knew* that Karen had an active mind, developing normally.

When Karen was three-and-a-half, a specialist from the South, consulted as a last forlorn hope, reversed the previous opinions; Karen could be taught to sit up, to use her hands, to walk, but it would take endless therapy. "Can't we learn to do it for her ourselves?" asked her valiant parents.

So began the family campaign. Mrs. Killilea has a natural storytelling gift, and her account of the endless daily routines, the small triumphs, the gradual progress, the accidents, always under emotional, physical, and financial strain, becomes a moving human narrative. Determined to allow themselves compassion, never pity, to think of Karen as affected—not afflicted, a child with normal desires and needs, who was to become a self-respecting member of society, and encouraged by kindness from friend and stranger alike, the Killileas and their indomitable child have achieved the incredible.

Out of the Killileas' experiences grew the United Cerebral Palsy Association, Inc., and as a secondary theme the story of its first years, its growth and aims is interesting too.

In a sorry world this book, which might so easily have been sentimental and painful, but is neither, is worth reading. Anyone who meets Karen, even on paper, will postpone resigning from the human race.

The Bud Blooms

SOUTH OF FREEDOM. By Carl T. Rowan. New York: Alfred A Knopf. 270 *pp.* $3.50.

By Arna Bontemps

IT NEVER fails. Just when a subject seems exhausted, just when you begin to feel that another book on the same theme would be superfluous, along comes a new treatment so perceptive and arresting it cannot possibly be ignored. In fiction about the Negro, Richard Wright's "Native Son" and Ralph Ellison's "Invisible Man" came at such times. Such a book is Carl T. Rowan's "South of Freedom" in the area of personal journalism.

The book is an expansion of a series of articles Rowan wrote for the Minneapolis *Morning Tribune* a little more than a year ago and which caused a good-sized splash at that time. Rowan goes to work slowly, almost casually. He doesn't seem bent on killing dragons at first, and it is not until the going gets rough that you begin to feel that here's a fellow who can darn well take care of himself. Later on, when he wades into such veterans at this game as the white Hodding Carter and the black George S. Schuyler, you are apt to find yourself on the edge of your chair, wondering if a new champion isn't about to be hailed.

Scarcely more than a decade ago Carl T. Rowan was one of the listless Negro youths leaning against the First National Bank Building in McMinnville, Tennessee. The fact that he finished high school had not materially changed his outlook. He still lived with his family across the street from the junkyard, on cold days still wore an overcoat so frayed his companions named it "Strings," still passed hour on hour waiting for some white man to come along and offer him twenty-five cents an hour for an odd job—presumably a job no white person would accept. Today he is an ace reporter, the first Negro member of the staff of the Minnesota paper which employs him.

Between these dates the war occurred, of course, and with it came opportunities hitherto undreamed of by the Carl Rowans of the South. This Rowan took a test given by the Navy in Nashville. Next thing he knew he was an ensign, and after the war he went to Oberlin for his first college

(*Continued on page* 29)

Arna Bontemps, member of the faculty of Fisk University, is the author of more than a dozen books and plays.

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EDITOR'S NOTE: One of the most ambitious publishing projects in years has been launched this past week by the Encyclopedia Britannica: the "Great Books of the Western World," a set of fifty-four volumes containing twenty-five million words on thirty-two thousand pages, edited by Robert M. Hutchins and Mortimer J. Adler, with the assistance of a council of advisors.

Historically, this project dates back to 1910, when the late John Erskine inaugurated at Columbia University a "general honors course" on the great books of all time. The relatively modest aims of Erskine's course have been revised, expanded, and indeed glorified over the past two decades. At St. Johns College in the late Thirties, during the presidency of Stringfellow Barr, the bibliography used at Columbia became the whole curriculum of the college. Later at the University of Chicago, when Dr. Hutchins was its president, the "Classics of the Western World" was made the core of undergraduate instruction. In 1947 the Great Books Foundation was organized to bring the wisdom of the ages to the adult masses through publications and discussion groups conducted in many cities, without the benefit—or restraints—of college requirements, discipline, or degrees.

The Saturday Review believes that there are few individuals wise enough or even widely enough read to review in its entirety this newest and most ambitious manifestation of the "Great Books" movement. Therefore, we have asked ten leading American scholars to appraise the new set of books for its contribution to the cultural climate of our time and the discrimination shown in the selections in their own fields of specialization. We have also asked a distinguished British philosopher, C. E. M. Joad, to take a transatlantic look at a characteristically American experiment in education.

The "Great Books of the Western World"

Guide to Parnassus

C. E. M. JOAD

C. E. M. Joad

IN a series of essays entitled "The Great Conversation," Robert Maynard Hutchins, the editor of the "Great Books,"* seeks to elucidate the nature and to assess the value of a liberal education. This he defines in the widest possible terms as "human excellence, both private and public." It regards man not as a means to the performance of a job or a service, or to the fulfilment of the State's will, but "as an end."

Further, liberal education is concerned with "the end of life and not the means to it," by which I take him to mean that, whereas some kinds of education, in physics for example, are concerned to increase man's efficiency in slaughter or his capacity as a producer of commodities, in medicine with keeping him in health, in commerce and real estate with inflating his bank balance, there must be some end defined as "human excellence" to which high production, health, and wealth are all themselves means, and that liberal education, as distinguished from all other kinds of education, is concerned with this end.

Mr. Hutchins goes on to point out that, whereas until recent years the desirability of a liberal education was taken for granted, so that the tradition of the Western world in education is the tradition of what he calls the liberal arts, today this is no longer true. If, as he does, we identify a liberal education with a knowledge of the great books which constitute the tradition of Western civilization—"great books," says Mr. Hutchins, "present the idea of a civilization"—our own times are witnessing a break in the whole tradition of Western culture by reason of the fact that such education is no longer valued.

It is argued, for example, that the world's great books were produced in different times and circumstances, and that a book's message is related to its time and that it can have little to say to people living in a different time. For example, many were written by slave owners; how can they be expected to enrich the minds of the citizens of a modern, free, democratic republic? Thus, instead of being what Thucydides called "a possession for all time," a great book is dismissed as having little value outside its own.

AGAIN, we live in an age of specialization. In every sphere of science and technology the corpus of knowledge which must be mastered by the student is now so great that he has no time to waste on masterpieces which have no direct vocational value. Or it is denied, for example by Marxists, that the ideas of great men exert any original influence over men's minds, since they are no more than the ideological reflections of the material circumstances of the time. Or, yet again, literature, poetry, and philosophy, which are in some sense concerned with that elusive commodity called wisdom, are belittled in favor of science and technology which confer the "know-how" in regard to particular problems. What, after all, has the modern world to do with wisdom?

It is, then, in the interest of a liberal education that Mr. Hutchins and his advisory board have undertaken the republication and presentation to the

**GREAT BOOKS OF THE WESTERN WORLD AND THE GREAT IDEAS. Editor-in-chief: Robert Maynard Hutchins. Associate Editor: Mortimer J. Adler. Advisory Board: Stringfellow Barr, Scott Buchanan, John Erskine, Clarence H. Faust, Alexander Meiklejohn, Joseph J. Schwab, and Mark Van Doren. Editorial Consultants: A. F. B. Clark, F. L. Lucas, and Walter Murdoch. Chicago: Encyclopedia Britannica. 54 vols. 32,000 pp. $249.50.*

C. E. M. Joad, formerly professor of philosophy at the University of London, is author of "Philosophy for Our Times."

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public of the "Great Books of the Western World," fifty-four of them, containing the works of seventy-four authors ranging from Homer to Freud, and from Virgil to Marx. The two volumes, entitled "The Great Ideas; A Syntopicon," are a guide to the reading of the "Great Books." These two volumes contain a list of the leading ideas which appear in the great books, arranged in alphabetical order beginning very charmingly in Volume I with Angels and ending no less charmingly with Love, and in Volume II beginning with Men and ending with the World. The treatment is as follows:

First, an introduction contributed by Mortimer Adler, editor of the "Syntopicon," dealing broadly with the various topics covered by the idea which is being introduced; secondly, a list of the topics; thirdly, an elaborate list of references designed to show where precisely in the "Great Books" a treatment of the different topics is to be found. The arrangement of these references is astonishingly elaborate and it takes some time for the uninitiated reader to find his way about; but once he has mastered the general plan, he should be in a position to answer such questions, as, "What do the great books have to say on this particular subject which interests me?" "What is the history of the subject?" "What problems or controversies has it raised?"

Confronted with such an immense mass of material, it is natural for the reader to turn to those subjects with which he already has some personal acquaintance. I, for example, turned to the chapter on philosophy. Here, I thought, is a particularly tough nut for the compilers to crack, since the word philosophy covers so many meanings and overlaps with so many other studies, with dialectic for example, and metaphysics and theology, each of which receives a chapter to itself. It is pleasant to be able to report that the various meanings are clearly distinguished and amply covered, that the references to passages in the "Great Books" are apt and voluminous, and that an ingenious system of cross references carries the reader to related passages included under other headings.

In general these volumes do triumphantly establish their claim to be a guide to "The Great Ideas," while at the same time demonstrating their value. To belittle their power, as so many do today, is silly and perverse. Their importance is twofold. First, they are potent factors in changing and improving human life. In moments of despair one is tempted to think that human beings are incorrigible, crea-

(*Continued on page* 48)

1. LITERATURE: *The Anglo-Saxon Tradition*

By JOSEPH W. KRUTCH

Joseph W. Krutch

UNREAD sets of "Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf" clutter the living rooms in a hundred thousand American homes. So too, for that matter, do a half a dozen other "Libraries of the World's Best This or That," edited with varying degrees of competence and honesty. Does a similar fate lie in store for the "Great Books of the Western World?" Let's list some of the pros and cons.

To begin with, such collections usually labor under two disadvantages. Only a very few zealots start immediately at the beginning and read through to the end. Most of the rest assume that possession of the books—which they plan to read sometime—is a sufficient proof of virtue to last until that sometime which never comes. Morever, as every user of a college anthology knows, uniform binding and similar typography have a way of suggesting a monotony of which the text itself is not guilty. A ready-made collection is never as inviting as a collection which one has made for oneself.

No soundness of judgment in selecting titles can change these facts, and it is doubtful if the mere naked prestige of the present enterprise would be sufficient to overcome them. On the other hand, it does have the advantage of something more dynamic than prestige. Dr. Eliot's appeal was to respect for a vaguely defined "culture"; the appeal of the Hutchins-Adler library is to a conviction more philosophically formulated and better suited to an age accustomed to think in terms of catastrophes. Our civilization, its sponsors have been saying, is in danger chiefly because we have forgotten upon what convictions and ideals it rests. They may be discovered in, and only in, certain classic documents. Either we repossess them or we perish. Dr. Eliot promised "refinement"; the "Great Books" promise Salvation.

Already the Hutchins-Adler thesis has demonstrated considerable vitality. Obviously the edition of "Great Books" is intended to implement it. The extent to which the set achieves

Contents of the "Great Books"

VOL. 1, THE GREAT CONVERSATION: an essay by ROBERT HUTCHINS.

VOLS. 2 and 3, THE GREAT IDEAS, or SYNTOPICON: 102 essays by MORTIMER J. ADLER.

Vol. 4, HOMER: The Iliad and The Odyssey.

Vol. 5, AESCHYLUS: The Suppliant Maidens, The Persians, The Seven Against Thebes, Prometheus Bound, Agamemnon, Choephoroe, and Eumenides. SOPHOCLES: Oedipus the King, Oedipus at Colonus, Antigone, Ajax, Electra, Trachiniae, and Philoctetes. EURIPIDES: Rhesus, Medea, Hippolytus, Alcestis, Heracleidae, The Suppliants, The Trojan Women, Ion, Helen, Andromache, Electra, The Bacchantes, Hecuba, Heracles Mad, The Phoenician Maidens, Orestes, Iphigenia Among the Tauri, Iphigenia at Aulis, and The Cyclops. ARISTOPHANES: The Acharnians, The Knights, The Clouds, The Wasps, The Peace, The Birds, The Frogs, The Lysistrata, The Thesmophoriazusae, The Ecclesiazusae, and The Plutus.

Vol. 6, HERODOTUS: History. THUCYDIDES: The History of the Peloponnesian War.

Vol. 7, PLATO: Charmides, Lysis, Laches, Protagoras, Euthydemus, Cratylus, Phaedrus, Ion, Symposium, Meno, Euthyphro, Apology, Crito, Phaedo, Gorgias, Republic, Timaeus, Critias, Parmenides, Theaetetus, Sophist, Statesman, Philebus, Laws, and Seventh Letter.

Vol. 8, ARISTOTLE: Categories, On Interpretation, Prior Analytics, Posterior Analytics, Topics, On Sophistical Refutations, Physics, On the Heavens, On Generation and Corruption, Meteorology, Metaphysics, On the Soul, On Sense and the Sensible, On Memory and Reminiscence, On Sleep and Sleeplessness, On Dreams, On Prophesying by Dreams, On Longevity and Shortness of Life, On Youth and Old Age, On Life and Death, On Breathing.

Vol. 9, ARISTOTLE: History of Animals, On the Parts of Animals, On the Motion of Animals, On the Gait of Animals, On the Generation of Animals, Nicomachean Ethics, Politics, The Athenian Constitution, Rhetoric, and Poetics.

Vol. 10, HIPPOCRATES: The Oath, On Ancient Medicine, On Airs, Waters, and Places, The Book of Prognostics, On Regimen in Acute Diseases, Of the Epidemics, Of Injuries of the Head, On the Surgery, On Fractures, On the Articulations, Instruments of Reduction, Aphorisms, The Law, On Ulcers, On Fistulae, On Hemorrhoids, and On the Sacred Disease. GALEN: On the Natural Faculties.

Vol. 11, EUCLID: Elements. ARCHIMEDES: On the Sphere and Cylinder, Measurement of a Circle, On Conoids and Spheroids, On Spirals, On the Equilibrium of Planes, The Sand-Reckoner, Quadrature of the Parabola, On Floating Bodies, Book of Lemmas, and The Method Treating of Mechanical Problems. APOLLONIUS OF PERGA: Conics. NICOMACHUS OF GERASA: Introduction to Arithmetic.

Vol. 12, LUCRETIUS: On the Nature of Things. EPICTETUS: Discourses. MARCUS AURELIUS: Meditations.

Vol. 13, VIRGIL: The Eclogues, The Georgics, and The Aeneid.

Vol. 14, PLUTARCH: The Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans.

Vol. 15, TACITUS: The Annals and The Histories.

Vol. 16, PTOLEMY: The Almagest. NICOLAUS COPERNICUS: On the Revolutions of the Heavenly Spheres. JOHANNES KEPLER: Epitome of

(*Continued on page* 43)

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real success will depend upon the extent to which it is bought, not by the unorganized audience which generally buys "Shelves" and "Libraries," but by a group deeply enough convinced of the thesis to use the books as intended. If it is read rather than merely bought, that will be, first of all, less because of the particular texts included than because the educational movement which preceded publication has been effective.

As for the works selected, no reasonable person can deny that they are all great books. Inevitably, on the other hand, few will agree that all the post-Renaissance choices and exclusions are inevitable. Why "Moby Dick" but not "The Scarlet Letter" or "Walden"? Such questions do not mean much in connection with the ordinary anthology but they can mean something here. The members of the Chicago School have talked not merely of "Great Books" but of *The* Great Books.

The tendency to make such a distinction is one of the few things about the School which has always given me pause. With its members I am convinced that a very important part of the education for lack of which we may perish is to be found in what are vaguely called "the classics" rather than in those current discussions of specific "contemporary problems" to which other publicists bid us attend. But I doubt the wisdom of the assumption that a definite canon can be established and that it is possible to say, for instance, "Boswell is indispensable; Mathew Arnold is not." "Great Books of the Western World" includes no definite article in its title. If no "the" is implied I am all for it. If it is, then I enter a reservation.

2. CLASSICS: *The Sanction of Antiquity*

By MOSES HADAS

Moses Hadas

THE warmest advocate of the classics cannot complain that the "Great Books" have stinted antiquity. The dozen volumes devoted to the ancients constitute almost a fourth of the entire series and represent the contents of some seventy-five volumes in the Loeb Classical Library. What we have is not an anthology, but a kind of canon, and the close printing in double columns enhances the impression of almost sacerdotal authority. No group of modern editors can have the terrifying power of the Great Synod which determined what Hebrew books should be regarded as canonical, or even of the teachers of Alexandria and Constantinople who chose the Greek plays suitable for teaching, and thereby as effectively doomed the remainder to oblivion. But the responsibility of the present editors remains very great; their public is less capable of independent judgment on ancient than on modern books, and hence likely to relegate works not included to a kind of apocrypha.

About most of the choices in this series there can be no question; ancients and moderns alike have approved them as the Law and the Prophets of a humanist education. It is in the third category, which comprises the literature of knowledge rather than the literature of power, that doubts may arise. Do we call upon the ancients to recite the stages of the intellectual growth of the race, or do we invite them to participate in our own deliberations and to make their continuing contribution to our store of truth and beauty? In the latter alternative most of Aristotle, Hippocrates, and Galen, and all of Euclid, Archimedes, Apollonius of Perga, and Nicomachus could be dispensed with.

On the other hand, space should be found for Hesiod and the "Homeric Hymns," which are as valid indices for the Greek view of the world as are the philosophers; for the lyric poets, despite the difficulty of translation; for the "Panegyricus" of Isocrates and the "Philippics" of Demosthenes; for individual plays of Plautus, Terence, and Seneca; for essays of Cicero, Seneca, and Plutarch; even for the satires of Juvenal. The practice of presenting whole works instead of selections is admirable, but need not be extended (as in the case of Tacitus and Plutarch it is not) to including the total extant remains of an author. It is a fine thing to have all of Euripides, all of Vergil, all of Plutarch's "Lives"; but if such additions as are suggested must involve omissions, some of Euripides might be sacrificed for the Roman dramatists, some of Vergil's lesser works for Pindar, some of Plutarch's "Lives" for his essays.

Consistency in adhering to a single translator for disparate works of a single author is also a questionable principle, especially in the case of the poets. Must both "Iliad" and "Odyssey" be read in Butler's proletarian prose, all of Sophocles in Jebb's archaic prose, all of Euripides in Coleridge's inert prose? The Greeks thought it was unwise for a protagonist to enact one poet's complete trilogy, and assigned a different interpreter for each of the three plays.

But no choices and no procedures could satisfy all tastes; in the face of the bounty here offered individual strictures recede into insignificance. And if the ancients are given this generous opportunity to perform their traditional function of awakening intellectual curiosity and informing it, the readers of this series will search out other meaningful ancient books and other translations in which to read them.

—Culver Service.

"Death of Seneca"—"the Law and the Prophets of a humanist education."

Moses Hadas is professor of dramatic literature at Columbia University.

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3. THEOLOGY: *"A Rigorous Distillation"*

By LISTON POPE

Liston Pope

IN view of the well-known fact that Robert M. Hutchins and Mortimer J. Adler have long been champions of a kind of neo-Thomism in educational theory, it is not surprising that theology is significantly represented in the fifty-four volumes of "Great Books" under their editorship. Three volumes—two from Aquinas and one from Augustine—are comprised entirely of theological treatises and important sections of many others bear on theological themes—sections from Plato, Plutarch, Plotinus, Dante, Milton, and others.

Nineteen treatises from the "Summa Theologica" of Aquinas are published in full, requiring about thirty per cent more space than is given to any other author. The entire corpus of the "Summa" obviously could not be included and the editors wisely chose to publish certain treatises in their entirety rather than excerpts from a larger number. Selection among the Treatises and Questions has been made with discernment, on the whole. One may wonder at the inclusion of the "Treatise on the Last Things," which was published posthumously from notes by St. Thomas and is among his least instructive writings. Modern readers are not likely to be impressed or improved by earnest disputations like that on the question, "Whether the Weeping of the Damned Will Be Corporeal?" (Ultimate answer: Yes, but without tears.)

The volume from Augustine includes the complete texts of "The Confessions," "The City of God," and "On Christian Doctrine."

One can easily question why certain works were included and others omitted from the list of Great Books, despite the principles set forth by Mr. Hutchins in the preface to the entire series. The Bible is not included because it is supposed that persons able to purchase this series will already possess a copy, and the translation to be used would doubtless have posed problems. (Both the King James and Douay versions are included in references of the "Syntopicon.") But this is rather an adventitious principle of exclusion; it is like omitting discussion of the common cold from a medical compendium under the supposition that all purchasers will have had one and will have their own favorite remedies.

Beyond question Augustine and Aquinas must be represented in any summation of the great intellectual achievements in Western history. But why are parts of Calvin's "Institutes" not included? Or selections from Luther, or Maimonides? Or perhaps even from John Bunyan or Jonathan Edwards? The publishers announce that this set of books is intended especially for the twentieth century; probably Calvin has influenced the shape of this century more than Augustine and Aquinas combined. Are his works to be regarded as intrinsically inferior to those of his great predecessors? Is it more important to devote an entire volume to Plotinus, and another to Fielding?

This edition of literary, scientific, and philosophical masterpieces contains very little help for the general reader and almost none for the scholar, if the volumes on theology are typical. The biographical sketches of Augustine and Aquinas are extremely brief, formal, and conventional. Excellent translations have been chosen, especially the famous translation of the "Summa" by the Fathers of the English Dominican Province. The volumes from the "Summa" contain good footnotes (from the Piana edition) and brief bibliographies—for scholars only. Footnotes for Augustine's works are of practically no consequence.

This reviewer finds it difficult to visualize the audience for which the Great Books—or at least these volumes on theology—are appropriate. Scholars have more extensive resources than are made available here, though they may find the shortened "Summa" useful for their students. The general reader is not likely to peruse more than a few pages of these theological works.

It is probable that this series will be bought from highly-generalized motives of self-improvement and cherished largely as a culture symbol. It is a more ambitious and rigorous distillation of the wisdom of the ages than was President Eliot's "Five-Foot Shelf"; the Chicago Classics presumably will measure more than six feet and it is a gain to have the full text of a work rather than a drastic abridgement. But efforts to "package" Western culture and to compartmentalize ideas remain ambitious in intent and ambiguous in result. Only the dauntless make such efforts.

Liston Pope is dean of the Yale Divinity School.

4. PHILOSOPHY: *The Seminal Thoughts*

By JOHN H. RANDALL, JR.

John H. Randall, Jr.

WHEN, around 1910, John Erskine, remembering his teacher George Woodberry, pointed out that it is more worthwhile to read the masterpieces in the literature of power than merely to read textbooks about them, he had a good idea. For much college education of the time it was even revolutionary. The teaching of the humanities has come quite a ways since then, and the idea is hardly revolutionary today.

We may smile a little—and most of us have—at the way streamlined sales techniques have gotten variously tangled up with this particular American enthusiasm for culture. The University of Chicago has certainly made the Great Books hum. But campuses where the elms are more numerous and the Gothic less synthetic have also discovered that it is better for new critics to read books than to ferret out their sources. There can be no possible doubt that all this emphasis on reading is a good thing.

Whether it is better to read Great Books than to do some of the many other things that can be and often are done in the name of education in America—whether it is better to read them than to spend your time in those pleasant non-literary ways men often prefer—or, to be practical, whether it is better to buy this Great Books set or that television set to fill up your vacant bookshelves—these questions are harder to answer. They involve moral choice; and as Aristotle, whose "Ethics" is a Great Book, points out, whether any action is to be preferred depends on whether it is performed at the right time and the right place and in the right manner. Alas, no carefully planned scheme of liberal education or great conversation can guarantee that. What is the right manner of using our intellectual heritage?

This collection is no doubt a bargain, from the 1,911 pages of Aquinas and the 1,425 pages of Aristotle (Oxford translation) down. The 443 works

John H. Randall, Jr., is professor of philosophy at Columbia University.

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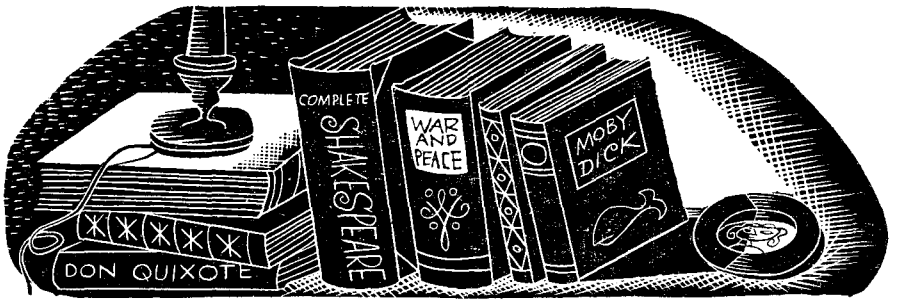
by seventy-four authors are all well worth reading, and thousands clearly rejoice to have their books chosen for them by genuine experts. The selection is excellent, among the philosophers indeed largely inevitable. Since it has been made on the basis of significance that is enduring and not merely historical, some important philosophies and thinkers are omitted. Thus, ancient skepticism is a great philosophy, but Sextus Empiricus is not here (though Montaigne is); it is obviously not a Great Book. Leibnitz notoriously put his ideas into no book at all. One wonders (without desolation) at the absence of Nietzsche. Twenty of the authors are mathematicians and natural scientists, and seventeen more social scientists—exactly half of those represented; so philosophy is not pursued in a vacuum: here are the thinkers who have made philosophers necessary.

With three exceptions, including Aquinas, all the works are given in their entirety; there are none of the snippets of preceding collections, like the "Five-Foot Shelf." Of philosophers, the works of Plato, Aristotle, Lucretius, Marcus Aurelius, and Plotinus are printed complete. Where possible the best English translations have been used, like the new Knox version of Hegel's "Philosophy of Right"; this apparently could not be done for the "Critique of Pure Reason." The complete MacKenna Plotinus in one volume (though the selections by Joseph Katz are a much better translation), and Kant's three critiques in another, will make many wish the volumes were available separately. There is no critical apparatus, no notes aside from biographical notices of a page or two—all such effort has gone into the "Synopticon."

With the vanishing of Greek and Latin from our education, it has been remarked that we may shortly possess the intellectual experience of the ancients as men did in the early Middle Ages through encyclopedic collections like those of Martianus Capella and Isidore of Seville. That this set might come to perform some such function in determining our own longer heritage starts a good many sobering reflections. Or is the comparison rather with Cicero, from whose compilations the dawning modern world learned so much of past thought, and received so many suggestions for its own adventures? (It is interesting to realize that though Cicero dominated the Renaissance, he wrote no Great Book, and is absent here.) Is it to be Martianus or Cicero, the wisdom of the past or the stimulus to new achievement? What is the right manner of reading the Great Books?



5. SCIENCE: *Not an Easy Field for "G. B."*

By I. BERNARD COHEN

I. Bernard Cohen

THE "great books" of science in this collection have only a kind of archaeological value: not only are whole areas such as geology omitted, but almost all the major currents of scientific thought of the last two and a half centuries are not represented. Perhaps it was supposed that these "great books" might serve twentieth-century man as illustrations of the creative process in science seen in isolated examples, or as examples to show him science in the growth of Western culture, as part of the background of the ideas met in the other selections from literature, philosophy, or history. Unfortunately, however, these scientific classics can never fulfil these admittedly useful purposes, since they will be found to be largely unreadable even by persons of better-than-average education, and even if that education has been primarily scientific.

The book as such is still a vehicle for works of literature, philosophy, and history, but not for science. During the last 300 years, the great works of science have tended to become journal articles. Newton could still embody his monumental contributions to science in two "great books," but Einstein, Rutherford, and Bohr made known their heroic achievements in short articles published in scientific journals. The last great discovery to be announced in a book was probably the theory of evolution, although even Darwin had previously published a preliminary report in a journal. Faraday's "Experimental Researches"—one of the three "great" books of nineteenth-century science in this collection—may seem to be an exception, yet it is merely a reprint made by Faraday of his papers in scientific journals. Thus, to present science within the limitation of "great books" is to forsake any attempt to display science as it has actually developed, and makes of it a publicist—academician's topic.

The choice of titles for this series has caused the omission of such important topics as organic chemistry and the whole of atomic and molecular chemistry and physics, the foundations of mathematics, the cell theory, telescopic astronomy (and modern cosmogony), anatomy, the germ theory of disease, modern physiology —to mention but a few fields in which "great books" exist, as by Pasteur, Claude Bernard, and Helmholtz. In view of such omissions, the inclusion of the physical treatises of Pascal, Gilbert's book on the magnet, Harvey's work on the generation of animals, and the arithmetic of Nicomachus seems especially curious. They are plainly not of the stature of Newton's "Principia."

But it is the subject of comprehensibility which invokes the strongest criticism against the whole idea of "great books" in science. Was it really supposed that many purchasers of the set would be able to read Fourier's great "Analytic Theory of Heat" which contains differential equations? To understand Newton requires not only a knowledge of the physics since Newton's day, but also the mathematical methods then current. In the decades following the publication of Newton's "Principia," the non-scientists—and even many scientists—found this book too difficult to read and learned their Newtonian science from the excellent books of first-rate vulgarizers like Pemberton or Voltaire; yet the twentieth-century reader is apparently expected to perform an heroic task that proved impossible to his predecessors.

Professional scientists today, and

(*Continued on page* 39)

I. Bernard Cohen, managing editor of Isis, *is assistant professor of the history of Science at Harvard University.*

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6. LITERATURE: *A European Bookshelf*

By THOMAS BERGIN

Thomas Bergin

THE works of European fiction in the "Great Books" project were carefully selected with an eye to their relationships to the non-fiction selections and to their role in the exposition of the pattern of ideas which the editors wish to develop. But even if we did not have the editors' statement and even if there were no "integration" at stake, the books chosen in this area would need no further justification than themselves. They are not the only "great books" of Euroepan fiction by any means but, all things considered, one cannot reasonably quarrel with the selections.

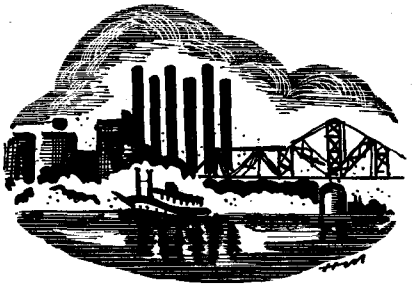
A mixed lot they are, to be sure, at first glance. The inspired Dante, at once warm with passion and capable of the coolest detachment, the mischievous Rabelais, the obsessed Dostoievsky, the serene and amiable Cervantes, the profound Goethe, the Olympian Tolstoy—what have they in common? Greatness in their own right, of course, and significance and solace for us who come after them. This is easily said but needs some gloss if the twentieth-century reader is to approach them with hope as well as respect.

Perhaps it should be said, first of all, that while each of these works is immortal so far as human judgment can pronounce, they all contain as well as transcend their own times. Dante's determined struggle to reveal the divine order underlying the apparent chaos of the world is meaningful to us because we, too, must discover order and discipline; but even as we perceive with increasing clarity the significance of the "Divine Comedy" as an allegory for our times, so we are drawn progressively to an awareness of the tone and texture of the Middle Ages, an awareness which cannot but broaden our humanity. And in like fashion the immortal madman of Cervantes will make you an understanding contemporary of the Counter Reformation and Rabelais will illuminate the ebullience of the Renaissance. It is the gift of men of genius to make us sharers of their world even as they project themselves into ours.

Similarly, as these great works convey to us a sense of the solidarity of mankind, they also enlarge our sympathy for other nations and ways of life different from our own. It is interesting to note that the two selections from European fiction of the nineteenth century come from Russia—add Germany if we think of Goethe as a representative of that century, as we fairly may. Nor is this unreasonable in spite of the enormous contributions of France, for example, to the literature of the past 150 years, for surely no writers have expressed more perceptively than these the aspirations and perplexities of that great era. And while they speak for all Europe and not Europe alone but for our whole Western world, observe that they speak with their native accent. This, too, is salutary—perhaps especially for the American reader.

Finally, it should not be forgotten that these books, if they serve to illustrate the intellectual trends, the "ideas" of their times—which they do—they also, being works of art, do more. They not only clothe in flesh and blood the concepts of the "thinkers" which would otherwise remain arid, they are a distillation of life itself, both intellectual and supra-intellectual. Nor is it irreverent to add that they are entertaining.

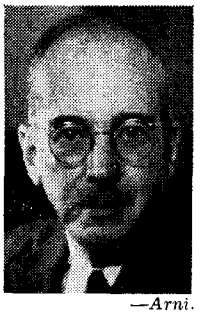
As for the editions at hand, one might make some criticisms. The introductory statements are brief and good, the translations are good but perhaps not in all cases the best. And it is a little misleading to entitle a volume "Cervantes," for instance, when it contains only one work (granted the most important) of this very prolific author. In appearance the books are a little austere—suitable for Dante, less so for Rabelais. Not everyone will care for the double-column page. But such defects, if they be defects, are inherent in the general principle of the project and should not detract from our admiration of the boldness of the concept and the soundness of judgment displayed in the selection.



Thomas Bergin is chairman of the department of Spanish and Italian at Yale University.

7. ECONOMICS: *The System and the Ideas*

By GEORGE SOULE



—*Arni.*

George Soule

IF one must pick but two authors from the great economists, Adam Smith is of course obligatory, and Karl Marx, though not accepted as a theorist by the fraternity of economic professionals, is an obvious choice because of the immense influence he and his followers have exerted.

"The Wealth of Nations," "Capital," and the "Communist Manifesto," like other classics, should be read at first hand; each new generation needs to find out for itself what is of contemporary value in germinal thinkers of the past. Yet the consequence of so narrow a choice illuminates the difficulty of deriving a liberal education suitable for modern needs solely from great books of past centuries. A reading of Smith and Marx alone would be poor equipment for understanding the present world or the doctrines relevant to it; unannotated and uncorrected they might sadly mislead the diligent amateur. Indeed, they have often done so.

Adam Smith was a shrewd observer, a salty and persuasive writer, whose immense success was well deserved. Like all great economists, he said much that was necessary to his times. But it is only in his historical setting that his significance can properly be understood. When he wrote, the commercial revolution had not yet fully won its battle against the mercantilist practices of power-seeking national states, and the industrial revolution was only just beginning. His arguments provided just the faith that budding British capitalism needed. Yet his utopia of laissez-faire was never fully achieved and today is further than ever from realization. His theory of the automatic mechanisms of the market, even as refined and elaborated by generations of followers, is irrelevant to many contemporary economic problems. His largely ignored comments on the nature of long-term economic growth are likely to furnish more nourishing food to

George Soule, lecturer in economics at Bennington College, has just written "Ideas of the Great Economists."

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the thinkers who will be important for our times.

Marx's theory of surplus value was founded squarely on the outmoded value-and-price theories of the economic classicists, including Smith (though it derives more directly from the formulations of Ricardo). Marx was a classicist in spirit, too, by virtue of his method of deducing immutable "laws" from a few oversimplified premises. The chief difference was that, unlike Adam Smith, he did not regard the working out of the laws of capitalism as the handiwork of a benevolent Nature. Yet in a more subtle way he was confined by the preconceptions of the eighteenth-century Enlightenment. All that was necessary to achieve utopia, his works implied, was to transfer the ownership of the means of production to the workers.

To offset the classical bias of both Smith and Marx, one could prescribe economists even from the early nineteenth century—for example Sismondi, Adam Müller, and Liszt. It would be well for any reader interested enough in economics to plow through Smith and Marx to go on with the development of classical liberalism in John Stuart Mill and Alfred Marshall, and to its revision in John Maynard Keynes. He ought, too, to explore the basic questioning of classicism not only by those who uttered contemporary protests, but in Max Weber, Thorstein Veblen, John R. Commons, and Wesley Mitchell.

Since such a course of reading would be arduous for the nonspecialist, perhaps even the most ambitious collection of "great books" ought to be supplemented by a set of reliable "vade mecums" which would relate the leading doctrines, ancient and recent, to the world in which we now live. The introductory volumes of the Chicago series may be intended to perform that function, but they seem to be concentrated more on ideas themselves than on ideas in the context of changing institutions.

8. HISTORY: *An Interest in People*

By A. C. KREY

A. C. Krey

THE histories included among the "Great Books" deal with the eternal problem of trying to explain how and why human beings behave as they do. Using concrete examples as testimony, the authors of these great books reveal in them a fact which Plutarch notes when he says: "For it was not so much by the knowledge of words that I came to the understanding of things as by my experience of things I was enabled to follow the meaning of words." That is why every attentive reader of these histories will find that, as his own experience increases, so also will his appreciation and understanding of them. And since the human relationships which they portray often recur in every generation, he also will soon learn to disregard many of the purely material circumstances involved in these accounts and to substitute familiar for unfamiliar names of people, places, and things.

Among the historians here under consideration, Herodotus is generally regarded as the "Father of History." Though much had been recorded before he wrote his famous account of "the great and wonderful actions of Greeks and Barbarians," his rare skill in presenting the grounds of feud between them was such that he has long held the title mentioned above. A man of affairs himself, and gifted, in addition, with a shrewdly critical mind, he bequeathed to his followers the example of writing history in both an entertaining and informing, if sometimes romantic, style.

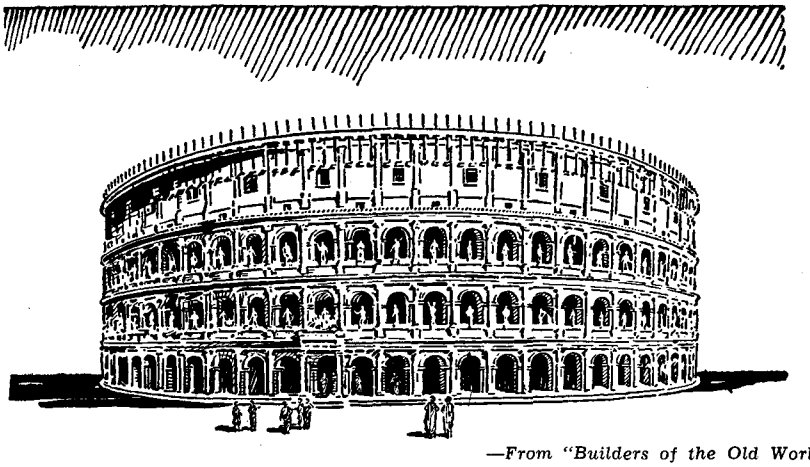
If the world has agreed on naming Herodotus as the "Father of History," it has also agreed on ranking his younger contemporary Thucydides as the greatest historian of all ages. An active leader in governmental affairs and commander of an ill-fated naval enterprise, he wrote the history of the war between the Peloponnesians and the Athenians with the intention, not of winning "the applause of the moment, but as a possession for all time." Free of prejudice and passion, grave and noble in style, his history has been read with great care and pleasure by all later historians.

Vying with Herodotus in popularity and yet preserving the moral and didactic purpose of Thucydides, Plutarch, a philosopher, understood the task of giving "particular attention to the souls of men while endeavoring to portray their lives." His august and discerning mind as well as interesting way of telling a story have made him a favorite author of all later ages.

Among the Roman historians Tacitus must be considered the greatest, even though Livy has been the more popular. Like Thucydides, Tacitus was primarily concerned with the period that embraced his own lifetime, and he also was associated with the leaders of the time. His attitude in general is judicial, but his comments, which reflect his personal conviction that Roman society and leadership stood in much need of improvement, are often quite barbed.

In more recent times and especially in the English-speaking world, Gibbon is the historian whom most would rank among the great classic writers. The vast sweep of his inquiry, ranging over fifteen centuries of time, was based upon a close study of numerous antecedent writings. Like his predecessors, however, he had participated actively, though less prominently than some, in public life, but he found his greatest satisfaction in passing judgment upon all who were responsible for the decline of the Roman Empire.

These histories, like the other great books in this series, are all of universal and perennial interest. They were written not for the specialist but for the pleasure and profit of the whole reading public. Their writers were animated by a lofty and sustained interest in human beings, and have afforded both intellectual excitement and generous entertainment to all succeeding generations.



—From "Builders of the Old World."

A. C. Krey is chairman of the history department at the University of Minnesota.

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9. GOVERNMENT: *A Compendium of Ideas*

By PETER ODEGARD

Peter Odegard

WHEN, as never before, the destiny and even survival of Western civilization depend upon our capacity for making wise political decisions, those volumes of the "Great Books" series devoted to political philosophy should have a particularly wide appeal. The mythical man in the street, no less—indeed more—than the college student, could do much worse these days than spend a long evening now and then with "The Politics" of Aristotle or "The Republic" of Plato, accessible here in the magnificent translation of Benjamin Jowett. Perhaps if students are encouraged to read Rousseau's "Social Contract," they will be less disposed to parrot the prejudices of higher critics who find nothing in this brilliant and bewildered genius but a blueprint for totalitarian tyranny.

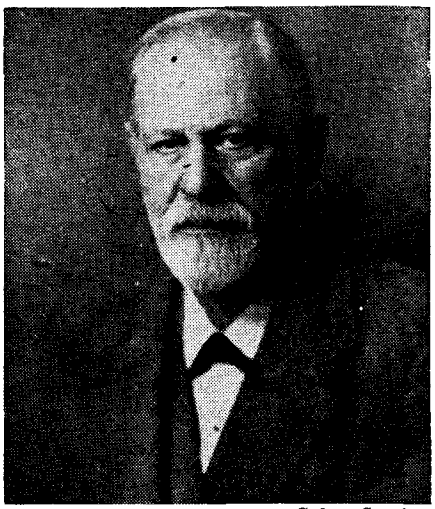
Here are the complete "Dialogues" of Plato in Jowett's clear and limpid English prose; "The Prince" of Machiavelli in the stately English of W. K. Marriott; "Leviathan," by Hobbes; Montesquieu's "Spirit of Laws," translated by Thomas Nugent and revised by J. V. Prichard; "The Social Contract" of Rousseau in the familiar and famous translation of G. D. H. Cole; John Locke's "Letter on Toleration" and his two "Essays on Civil Government;" and justly sharing honors with these immortal works are "The Declaration of Independence," "The Articles of Confederation," "The Federalist Papers," and "The Constitution of the United States." This latter volume should be required reading for candidates of all parties during this year of great decision. If they will but read these basic documents they will be less likely to give aid and comfort to those who with little and malicious minds betray our great tradition as they serve their own ignoble cause.

I am not one who believes that all political wisdom is to be found within the pages of these great books. But a great deal of wisdom is here for those who see it and who will reason as they read. As we move from crisis to crisis in an effort to adjust our political institutions to economic, technical, and cultural realities, we can find inspiration, insight, and guidance in the works of these architects of our Western world.

At least a dozen oracles speak to us through these books. No one, before or since, has improved upon Madison's brief essay on political factions —presented here as Article 10 of "The Federalist." I believe it was Macaulay who once said of Machiavelli's "Prince" that "never did a man walk down the corridors of immortality with so slender a volume beneath his arm," or words to that effect. But selection is invidious unless this review is to become a book.

There are, of course, gaps in this edition of the "Great Books of the Western World." One misses Rousseau's "Emile" and "The Confessions"; Burke's "Reflections" and Thomas Paine's "Common Sense." "The Declaration of Independence" is here, but why not the "Magna Charta" or the "Petition of Right"? Surely Jefferson's "Inaugural" and Lincoln's "Gettysburg Address" deserve a place in a volume of American state papers. One is grateful for Machiavelli's "Prince," but why not his "Discourses upon Livy" or "On Reforming the State of Florence"? We need to know that the great Florentine was not a mere acolyte of tyrants or apologist for tyranny, but a staunch defender of republican institutions. And how can one justify the omission of Marsilius's "Defensor Pacis," or Calvin's "Institutes of the Christian Religion," or Jeremy Bentham's "Principles of Morals and Legislation"?

It is, however, captious to criticize the editors for these lacunae when they have given so much.



—Culver Service.

Sigmund Freud—"great insights."

Peter Odegard is chairman of the political science department at the University of California.

10. PSYCHOLOGY: *A Pair of Pioneers*

By H. A. OVERSTREET

H. A. Overstreet

THE publication of the "Great Books of the Western World" marks an act of piety toward the human tradition. Here are the ancestors. Here are the great spirits out of whose seminal energies has come most of the authentic life we live today. If totalitarian "doublethink" ever takes over, we may have to hide this series in some subterranean vault so that our children's children may recover their superb heritage. Meanwhile, these stand as the records of great beginnings.

Indeed, it might have been even more mind-stirring if the series, instead of being called "Great Books" (which has an alarmingly definitive sound), had been called "Great Beginnings." For as one runs through the list—from Homer to Freud—one finds nothing final, but only greatnessses out of which further greatnesses have grown. One looks, in fact, with a sudden startled amazement, at the names of Marx and Engels in Volume 50, realizing that here the tragic exception occurred. In every other case something began which immediately flowered into further growth. It is exciting to think of what might have happened if no body of impatient zealots had turned these men from questing scientists into saints.

William James and Sigmund Freud are in the great human tradition of growth. No one in his right mind would suggest that either of them in his day was final. There have, to be sure, been occasions when certain followers of Freud have resisted criticisms of their revered master. But the danger is now well past, and Freud's great insights into psychoanalytic therapy have been freed into vigorous growth. As to James, he would have laughed out of court any follower who ventured to express a paralyzing reverence. One of James's favorite

(*Continued on page* 40)

H. A. Overstreet is author of "The Mature Mind," the recently published "The Great Enterprise," and a number of other books on psychology.

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The Saturday Review

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The Intellectual Discovers America

SEVEN years after the end of the war American writers are beginning to assess our present-day culture in a more sober and complimentary mood than we have witnessed for many years. It is now taken for granted that in the past we have been sold short by alarmists and sensationalists who have viewed with dismay the deplorable aspects of our life as if they could not be ameliorated but must finally destroy democratic civilization. It has been so popular to prophesy the worst that a return to even a cautious optimism is encouraging and at the same time disturbing, as if it was a new form of heresy or the first muted notes of trumpet blasts.

The intellectual approach to our many cultural problems has been on the whole negative. They were shown to be serious and alarming, and they must steadily grow worse unless some drastic and most unlikely remedy could be immediately applied to them. Many writers seemed to be unaware that many thousands of people from one end of the country to the other were also alarmed and that in various ways something drastic and practical was being done about it. The change has come perhaps from a new feeling of confidence on the part of the public in the immediate future, a sense that the current is running our way at last and growing stronger with every hour. No sensible person now believes that our racial conflicts are growing worse, that another world war is just over the horizon, that the United Nations is a lost cause, that the entire Orient must surrender to Communism, that McCarthyism will destroy our democracy, or mass education our culture. The recent conventions in Chicago and their results viewed by countless millions for the first time on the television screen have given the average man confidence that our political system, however strangely it operates at that level, is democratic and that it will endure.

This mood of optimism can be observed on nearly all levels, in the intellectual and literary magazines of limited circulation as well as in the non-fiction books that stream from the presses. In the last three issues, for example, of the *Partisan Review* there has been a sober discussion by a dozen or more critics entitled "Our Country and Our Culture," prefaced by the statement that many writers "now regard America and its institutions in a new way." In the September-October issue Louise Bogan, the poet, writes that the American intellectual is not only behind the times but has exhausted his surplus funds during the last twenty years so that his power of observation has been blunted. He must, she believes, recharge himself with new power from the society around him—"from the fluid energy by which he is surrounded. The entire Western world is artistically and spiritually at a point of stasis." Nevertheless, there is a great wave of decentralization in this country, and we are rapidly leaving behind a set of outworn mores.

IT IS encouraging and somewhat startling to hear from Miss Bogan that our present mannerist art and literature is in the process of becoming obsolete in a natural renewal of romantic idealism. She adds wisely that "it is only in periods of idealism that order and integrity come back to thought; that the life of a people is washed over with emotional and spiritual release; that a time of abundance is at hand." Only two years ago her expression of hope for romantic idealism would have been anathema to the great majority of our serious critics, as well as the devotees of the more abstract forms of modern art. "Americans must work away from the abstract toward the real, the organic, and the humane. Virtuosity in thought," she adds, "is particularly useless at present." In the following sentence she writes with an eloquence and enthusiasm that have long been lacking in critical surveys of the present and the near future: "We must rediscover America in relation to the entire human scene, and under the eye of eternity, artists capable of feeling the emotion of joy, philosophers without fear—all gifted with living powers of improvisation—will finally outwit hell with human obviousness."

Many of the writers in the *Partisan*

Ritual

By Norma Lay

THESE flags I set; how many months ago—
seven, perhaps, or six—I am not sure.
Enough for grass encroachment to obscure
stones that lie deeper here than grass will grow.
I laid no pattern. Hexagons half show,
one red, an orange, green. Face of a dour
granitic rock I love now peeps demure.
Grasstide must ebb along this patio.

Today is Sunday. Let the stones then speak,
grass murmur; let the sun orate to me.
I will remark each chant, each monotone.
Regard, then answer. Let my clippers' creak
recite the Law, the Psalms, the Litany,
cutting through grass, retrieving basic stone!

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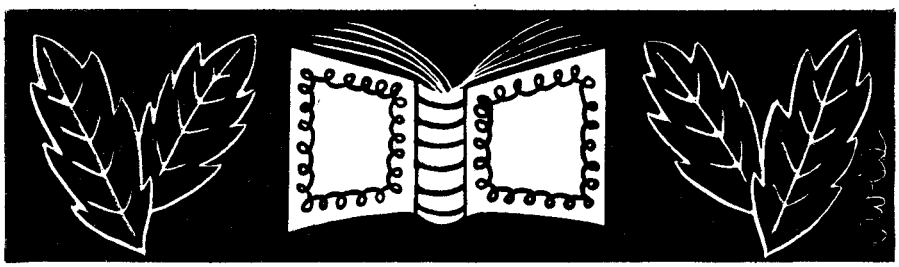
Review series express the old and familiar fear of mass culture and mass education which is always a little astonishing in the citizens of a country which one might say invented education for the entire population of a nation. As Americans they would surely not be willing to contemplate education and culture limited to a privileged class in a year in which a fifth of our population including twenty-six million children will attend our public and private elementary schools. In an earlier issue, Horace Gregory writes that "the shock that the European receives in viewing our mass culture is natural enough, though what he sees, as if it were in an enlarged mirror, is European culture backed by great material resources. It is Europe, with a few fragments of African and Asiatic culture floating here and there, shifted to the North American continent." It is no longer subservient; it is too powerful, and the stream of culture has reversed its currents, has reorganized itself, and is now flowing west across the Atlantic. His conclusion is that America is beginning to grow up but is not enjoying the experience.

CONSIDERING contemporary opinion on the subject, Joseph Frank displays a remarkable degree of enthusiasm for the opportunities of the creative writer in America. Artists and intellectuals have now, he says, a creative freedom equal to that of their European contemporaries. They no longer have to display the smiling side of life. Their sadism, violence, and brutality horrify and fascinate Europeans as Zola once horrified Americans. He believes that we are now at the end of the greatest flowering of American art and letters since the New England writers of a century ago.

It seems to be obvious that the intellectual and the creative writer are rapidly changing their minds about American institutions. The life of the artist will rarely be satisfactory to the individual who has to make a living by his creative work. But as he joins in the yearly pilgrimage to Europe of hundreds of thousands of fellow Americans he will be forced to admit that he has greater opportunities than his fellows abroad. He will also recognize that his freedom of opinion and expression lies in development of an untrammeled and diverse culture and that that in turn depends on the ability of the American people to maintain a free and democratic world. Those forty-two-and-a-half million Americans now in our schools and colleges will have something to do with the continuance of this future benefaction to humanity.

—H. S.



Autumn Traffic-jam

COME next Monday, the large metropolitan newspapers will be printing on their book pages a list of books issued on that day alone which will run to more than eighty titles. During the preceding five business days a total of more than one hundred other new books will be published.

Beneath these seemingly innocuous statistics lies one of the basic reasons for the present ailing state of American book publishing. Each year, on Labor Day, following three months of virtual inactivity, new books start pouring out of publishers' warehouses like motor cars out of a city on the eve of a three-day holiday. The flow continues almost without let-up until about the first of November, when new titles again become as scarce as sun-bathers on a Maine beach. The high-point is being reached this year on September 22, but there will be many days during the six weeks following when the traffic will be nearly as heavy.

The thinking—if it can be called that—behind this strange and time-honored ritual of the publishing business is that a book must make its bow in the stores, be adequately reviewed in the magazines and newspapers, and enthusiastically bruited about through word of mouth during this crucial period if it is to find a place in enough Christmas stockings to keep its author and publisher eating. Actually, this is mostly superstition, for the books come so thick and fast that the average store does not have sufficient room to display them properly nor is the average clerk able to master the titles and subject matter of all his new wares. Nor can the reviewers cope with the torrent. We feel particularly strongly on this point, because we are trying conscientiously to report promptly and thoughtfully on all important publications.

Yet because of limitations of space, we are rarely able to review more than forty books in a single issue of *The Saturday Review*. This means that in this week alone there are at least 140 new books that we are obliged to postpone reviewing until later issues. And our backlog will grow progressively larger each week until the publishers close the floodgates early in November. We sympathize with other editors who have less space than we do and with those work-horses of journalism, the daily reviewers, who can cover only five to seven books a week even at their grueling book-a-day pace.

THERE are two simple and inexpensive expedients which the publishers might adopt to make life more tolerable for booksellers and reviewers —and perhaps even enable themselves and their authors to eat more bountifully. One is to refrain from releasing at the height of the hectic pre-Christmas period volumes of scholarly and specialized interest whose life expectancy is long, and instead to schedule only the "fresh-vegetable" type of book whose primary utility is as a gift. An excellent book on the economic potentialities of Japan or a fine biography of William Wordsworth will certainly be far better displayed and reviewed if it is issued in August or February than at this time of the year—and in the long run it will probably also sell better. The advantages of publication in the autumn is probably greatly exaggerated even for books of wide popular appeal. Consider the record-making sales of "The Sea Around Us," published during a July, or "The Silver Chalice," published in another July, or "The Caine Mutiny," issued during a March.

Another needed corrective—to return to our traffic-jam metaphor—is the creation of some voluntary organization to patrol the publishing highways. Several years ago an arm of the Publishers' Adclub maintained and circulated a record of projected publication dates. This enabled participating publishers to reschedule their books when traffic threatened to become snarled on a particular day or week of the holiday season. The project was abandoned, as we understand it, because some publishers regarded the cost of maintaining it too great. If these gentlemen would but consider the loss in sales that must inevitably result from this autumn's chaos they would surely realize that in being penny wise they may very well be pound foolish.

—R. W., JR.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"How Much Freedom?"

▶ LOUIS FISCHER'S ARTICLE "How Much Freedom in Yugoslavia?" [*SR* Aug. 16] is an excellent example of the crime of omission. For about three pages he paints a hopeful picture of things to come and summarizes by stating that Yugoslavia seems "to promise a growth of freedom." What was an excellent opportunity to present an accurate factual account of the Yugoslav's lack of freedom was turned into a sop for the readers of *SR*.

The only freedom Fischer attempts to discuss is literary freedom and I am not sure that it has much point. If I had not spent several weeks this spring traveling from one end of the country to the other observing and talking with the people and discovering that they do not possess the freedom of speech and press, the right to practise religion in their own way, the privilege to work where and what they choose, or even to go in and out of their "own" country, I would not have been able to legitimately disagree with Fischer. The Yugoslavs do not have the basic freedoms which give promise of "a growth of freedom." And they complain about their plight to an outsider when they think they are not being observed.

Now I am glad that Fischer did not write another scare story about a Communist state, but why in Heaven's name did he omit so much? I was prompted to remember as I read the article the remarks of a housewife with whom I spoke on a main street in Belgrade. She looked furtively around before she said, "When you go back to America tell your people that we Yugoslavs are living in a slave state; we want some day to be free."

STERLING SCOTT.

Hammond, Ind.

The Ego & the Kopek

▶ AN AMBIGUITY EXISTS in Joyce Cary's analysis of "The Sources of Tension in America" [SR Aug. 23] which involves the semantics of "power." I hasten to add that Mr. Cary's is a profound essay, revealing an acute observation of the American—indeed, the world—scene. But the basic ambiguity, I feel leads the reader astray and detracts from the significance of the article as a whole.

Mr. Cary's pitfall is in evaluating economic attainment wholly with monetary reward. It is unfortunately true that "the struggle for pay" is the determining factor in the motivation of a large segment of the American population. But I am inclined to believe that this segment is not the tail that wags the dog.

Three factors determine individual action: power, ego, and security . . . As a teacher, I am painfully aware that the struggle for pay is a continuing battle. At the same time, I can assure Mr. Cary, the *basic* motivations of men of good will surmount this struggle. The history of the Soviet ideal, I submit, is the prime example. Both the Soviet worker and the Soviet soldier have had to be recompensed with the trappings of egotistical satisfaction in recent years: the medal has surmounted the kopek as a motivating force.

Again, I applaud Mr. Cary's effort to pin-point the advantages of the American experiment, but the force of his argument is certainly lessened by his failure to comprehend the true motivation of the democratic spirit: the repugnance toward any totalitarian concept of the liberal mind and the impetus of individual ambition as long as that ambition is not circumscribed by governmental decree.

RAY SCHULTZ.

Detroit, Mich.

Credit to Munkácsy

▶ IN "AN OPEN LETTER TO MILTON," by Antonio Iglesias [*SR* Aug. 23], there was inserted an illustration showing Milton, surrounded by his wife and children, dictating his "Paradise Lost." The picture was credited to "Culver Service," obviously a painter of extraordinary talent and sense of drama, of whom I am utterly ashamed never to have heard. On the other hand, I have heard of the outstanding Hungarian painter, Mihaly Munkácsy (1844-1900). Is it possible that Munkácsy's masterly canvas, "Milton," has been plagiarized by a new Van Meegeren named Culver Service?

ANDOR KLAY.

Washington, D. C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *If fault is to be found it should be with* SR *and not with Culver Service, which is an agency that supplies copies of historical pictures to magazines, book publishers, etc. It is customary to indicate the source from which a published picture is obtained, in this case Culver Service. But certainly credit should also have been given to the painter—for which omission apologies are herewith tendered.*

Inexcusable

▶ IT WAS SCARCELY necessary to read the newspapers to know that both Texas and New York were gripped by heat wave during July. Only an extraordinary phenomenon like that could explain why Carl Victor Little would write and you would publish a review in such execrable taste as the one of J. D. Scott's "The Way to Glory" [*SR* Aug. 2]. I dimly recall having enjoyed some of Mr. Little's lively and amusing reviews in the past; I say dimly because, alas!, memory of them has been almost completely obliterated by this inexcusably offensive performance.

JOHN SOMMERS.

Good Hope, Me.

Austria Is Missing

▶ THE *SR*'s "WORLD CALENDAR" is an excellent idea and we certainly hope you keep on doing it, but why the complete neglect of Austria? The *Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde* of Vienna alone indicates that Vienna is still on the map.

Austria is making such a courageous stand during these trying days of the Occupation that it seems to me we should all do everything we can to demonstrate our interest and friendship for her. To completely neglect her on your calendar of world events cannot help but be offensive to her, and to her many friends in America.

HENRY C. JAMES.

Banning, Calif.

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PERSONAL HISTORY

(*Continued from page* 15)

degree, to the University of Minnesota for a master's in journalism. He was hired by the *Tribune* in 1948 and a year or two later, almost by accident, got the assignment that produced this book.

Certainly no one could have been better fitted than Rowan to report on the progress the South had made toward democracy during World War II. His own leaving provided a good starting date. Since then America had emphatically stated the case against Hitler's doctrines. More than that, according to General George C. Marshall, "we fought for the dignity of the individual." How had that battle gone at home? How was democracy doing in the South?

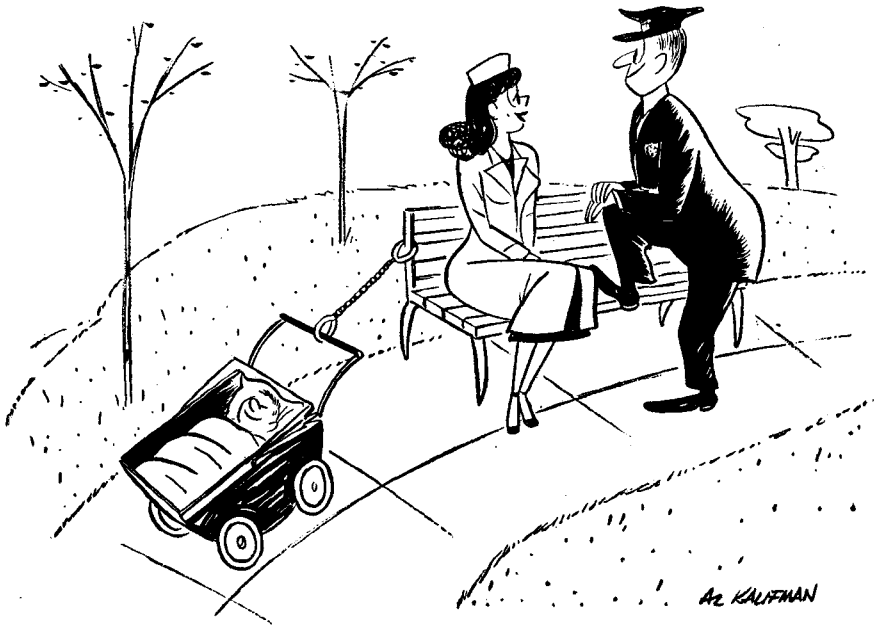
To find out, Rowan returned first to his home town. He gave McMinnville a good once-over with one of the best eyes in the country. He looked at neighboring Columbia where there had been riots and bloodshed since he left the region. He passed through Alcoa in the area regenerated by TVA, then doubled back to Washington, D. C. After a depressing sojourn in the capital, he headed south again and visited, among other cities and towns, Charleston, Atlanta, Miami, Macon, and Birmingham. He hit Laurel, Mississippi, while Willie McGee's case was pending, moved on to New Orleans and touched Little Rock, and ended in Oklahoma.

Along the way he talked to people, all kinds of people, and asked the necessary, though often embarrassing and sometimes dangerous, questions. With disarming frankness and honesty he recorded the answers he received. Equally important, he put his finger on the South's exposed nerve in a more direct way by calmly testing the segregation customs wherever feasible. He walked into "white" waiting rooms to see what would happen when he asked to buy a paper, went to the desk of a hotel in Miami in which he had stayed during the Navy's occupancy and blandly asked for a room, noted the "are you crazy" expression on the clerk's face but did not leave till he was pointedly rejected. He went into club cars on trains, sat in "white" coaches, argued with an old conductor who had "lived and guarded some six decades of segregation." Eventually he came to the nub of the matter.

Segregation is the religion of the South. In effect, Rowan traces the ritual of this obsessive worship, its primitive shouts, its quaint liturgy, its human sacrifices. Against it, he found, neither Christianity nor democracy appear to have much chance.

Before he is done, he analyzes some of the basic documents in the case, significant court decisions and the opinions of dissenting justices, for example. With remarkable restraint in one so young he manages not to get too happy over hopeful signs or too discouraged over setbacks. And he shows keen insight when he observes that the loud-mouthed bigots of the South are less likely to hold back progress in the long run than pseudo-liberal whites and accommodating Negroes with a vested interest in segregation through businesses and jobs that depend on it.

About the only thing Rowan failed to discover on his six thousand-mile tour was a good excuse for racial segregation in the America of today.



The Rest of Has Been

REMEMBER AND BE GLAD. By Cynthia Asquith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 214 *pp.* $3.75.

By HARRY T. MOORE

THE second volume of Lady Cynthia Asquith's memoirs is more close-grained than its 1950 predecessor, "Haply I May Remember." In the preface to that earlier book the author declared that since she wasn't writing autobiography, she felt she could jump about in time and space. The effect of the present volume is less scattered and impressionistic; it gains in strength by concentrating on the periods we conveniently speak of as the Edwardian and Early Georgian. The title of the book, an optimistic corruption of a line from Christina Rossetti, at once establishes the tone, for Lady Cynthia has placidly determined to see people and places at their smiling best.

The result could be deadly, but it isn't. Although the salt of spite is left out, these reminiscences don't lack seasoning. They are neither insipid nor sentimental. Lady Cynthia writes them with reluctance at the importunity of a friend and not as an aristocrat opening the family castle to tourists. The memoirs take the form of letters to the unnamed friend, and since the author is a skilled and experienced writer-novelist, playwright, secretary to J. M. Barrie, biographer of members of the royal family—her prose is direct and unpretentious, characterized by sharp observation and quiet humor. Her reminiscences swing across a wide background, for as an editor, author, and friend of writers, she knows the London literary circles of this century, and as the daughter of an earl and daughter-in-law of a prime minister, she knows the social life of peers. Her memoirs may not carry the sting of those best-selling autobiographies of the 1920's written by her late mother-in-law, Margot Asquith, yet Lady Cynthia's reminiscences are something more than a pleasant recapturing of atmosphere.

Indeed, some of her "anthropological" chapters go beyond the range of most books of this kind, particularly the sections devoted to "Edwardian Girlhood" and such tribal manifestations as "Coming Out" and "Country House Visiting." These chapters provide

Harry T. Moore teaches at Babson Institute and is the author of a book on D. H. Lawrence and co-translator of Karl Jaspers's forthcoming "Tragedy Is Not Enough."

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New & Notable

Limitations of space make it possible for *The Saturday Review* to review in this issue only a fraction of the important books being published this week. Below are listed some of the more important general works we hope to give their due in early issues:

ALWAYS THE MEDITERRANEAN. By Max Miller, New York; E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50. The author of "I Cover the Waterfront" tells of his adventures in the Mediterranean during recent Navy service.

AMERICA IN CRISIS. Edited by Daniel Aaron. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $4. Fourteen crucial episodes in American history recounted by famous historians.

ARROW IN THE BLUE. By Arthur Koestler. New York: Macmillan Co. $5. This first panel of the autobiography of the author of "Darkness at Noon" tells of his boyhood in a middle-class Hungarian family, his years as an itinerant journalist and Berlin editor, and closes when he joins the Communist Party.

THE BERLIN STORY. By Curt Riess. New York: Dial Press. $3.50. A report on what has happened in Berlin since 1945.

THE BICYCLE RIDER IN BEVERLY HILLS. By William Saroyan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3. A free-wheeling memoir of the author's California youth.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. By Dorothy Hewlett. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $6. Full-length, scholarly biography.

ESCAPE OR DIE. By Paul Brickhill. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. $3. Eight short accounts of dramatic escapes by the author of "The Great Escape."

FAIR TRIAL: Fourteen Who Stood Accused From Anne Hutchinson to Alger Hiss. By Richard B. Morris. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $5. Accounts of fourteen American trials in which justice may have miscarried.

FILL 'ER UP. By Bellamy Patridge. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. $4. A popular history of the automobile in America.

THE FIRST MORNING. By Peter Viereck. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3. A new collection of verse by the Pulitzer Prize winner.

HONGKONG: The Island Between. By Christopher Rand. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3. Reports on an international trouble spot by a *New Yorker* contributor.

JAPANESE THEATRE. By Faubion Bowers. New York: Hermitage House. $5. A history and evaluation of the Japanese theatre, attractively illustrated.

J. P. MARQUAND, ESQUIRE. By Philip Hamburger. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2. The brief biography which appeared in *The New Yorker*.

THE LOVES OF FLORIZEL. By Philip Lindsay. New York: Roy Publishers. $3.50. A very personal biography of the Prince Regent who became George IV.

OF PLYMOUTH PLANTATION. By William Bradford. Edited by Samuel Eliot Morison. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $6. A new and handsome edition of Governor Bradford's journal, giving an account of life in the New England colony from 1621 to 1656.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THREE REIGNS. By Sir Frederick Ponsonby. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $6. A compendium of royal gossip during the reigns of Victoria, Edward VII, and George V.

SATAN'S PARADISE. By Agnes Morley Cleaveland. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3. Life in the early days of the Far West by a lady who participated in some of it.

THE SINGLE WOMAN. By John Laurence. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $3.50. Consolation and counsel for the unhappy single woman by a clergyman.

THE SKIN. By Curzio Malaparte. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.50. A disturbing picture of Italy at the time of its liberation by the American army.

SUN, MOON AND PLANETS. By Roy K. Marshall. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.50. An elementary account of astronomy by a successful science popularizer.

THESE ARE YOUR SONS. By Timothy J. Mulvey. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. $3.50. Human interest stories from the Korean War.

WOMEN IN PRISON. By Joan Henry. New York: Doubleday & Co. $3. Portrait gallery from an English women's prison.

more than entertainment in their thorough description of the customs, dress, and rituals of an England that, however close in time, seems planets away from the present one of ration cards and hostesses who wash their own dishes.

Most of the portraits are of men, authors such as Wells and D. H. Lawrence, statesmen such as Curzon and Balfour. The material on Lawrence, a long-term friend of Lady Cynthia and her husband, adds little that is new, either of anecdote or interpretation; like most of the women who knew Lawrence, Lady Cynthia tends to see him, despite his wartime bitterness, as predominantly cheerful rather than gloomy. Of Balfour as a statesman she says, wants to say, nothing, but she shows him in action in social life, first from a child's-eye view and, among later glimpses, as the victim of her own prankish assault upon his dignity at one of Barrie's dinners. Winston Churchill also appears several times, once at a beach party of some forty years ago, at which he commandeered his fellow-guests and compelled them, through hours of exhaustion, to build fortresses in the sand.

No kind of fortifications, however, could save the country-house way of life. Lady Cynthia says its votaries knew it was doomed. The "bloodless revolution" was already beginning; the Socialists, many of them high born, were rattling the teacups with their prophecies in the great hereditary drawing rooms. But the aristocrats apparently took their obsolescence casually: as Lady Cynthia shows them in their off-duty relaxations, playing intellectual charades, moonlight tennis, and slapstick pranks, they hardly seem figures of a Chekhovian autumn. At the end of the book they are springing to the challenge of the bloody war that, ironically, helped accelerate the bloodless revolution.

Within the rules of her game, Lady Cynthia gives both the general reader and the specialist some rewarding glimpses of that recent world so many of whose features have already slid undersea.

Reluctant Donkey

ADLAI STEVENSON. By John Bartlow Martin. New York: Harper & Bros. 177 pp. $2.50.

By JOHN T. WINTERICH

THIS is a quickie—a characterization which is usually supposed to drag along behind it a tremendous load of disapprobation. It needn't. Is news the exclusive property of the newspaper? May not a book print news? "Quickie" also tends to connote bias; it certainly connotes enterprise, a quality we have all been brought up to venerate. Enterprise without bias is at least a tenable proposition.

Does familiarity itself tend to breed bias? Does the biographer fall in love with his subject? Are reporters with Eisenhower inclined in his favor? Are reporters with Stevenson listing Stevensonward? But these are concerns for the philosopher, so let us wrap them up and put them away.

Mr. Martin, a good reporter, manifests no hostility to Governor Stevenson, but he has not written a campaign document. He begins with a close-up of Stevenson visiting a penitentiary and a security hospital in down-state Illinois. ("Security hospital" was new to this reviewer. It means an asylum for the criminal insane.) The Governor then attends a Rotary Club dinner and finally drives back to Springfield. The whole tour occupies eight or ten hours, and while we do not get every word the Governor uttered during the period, we get a good many. We get, for instance, "Isn't that a beautiful view?" and "Isn't it a beautiful evening?" But this is quoting out of context, and unfair. The detailed picture of the trip is engaging and interesting, and the reader should enjoy this documentary of a state executive on show.

Mr. Martin then turns orthodox biographer—Stevenson's background, the 1948 campaign, Stevenson as governor, Stevenson today, Stevenson and the Presidency. Mr. Martin knows Illinois and he knows the seamy side of politics. His analysis of the gubernatorial campaign and of Stevenson's tenure at Springfield is comprehensive reporting. The personalia he presents (and there is quite a lot of it) is interesting and frequently revealing. For instance:

"Stevenson never plays cards. He plays charades very well. There is a strong streak of ham actor in him. He is often pictured as shy and retiring. Nothing could be more untrue. He likes parties, likes people, enjoys attention; he enjoys telling stories and tells them well. He drinks little. At a

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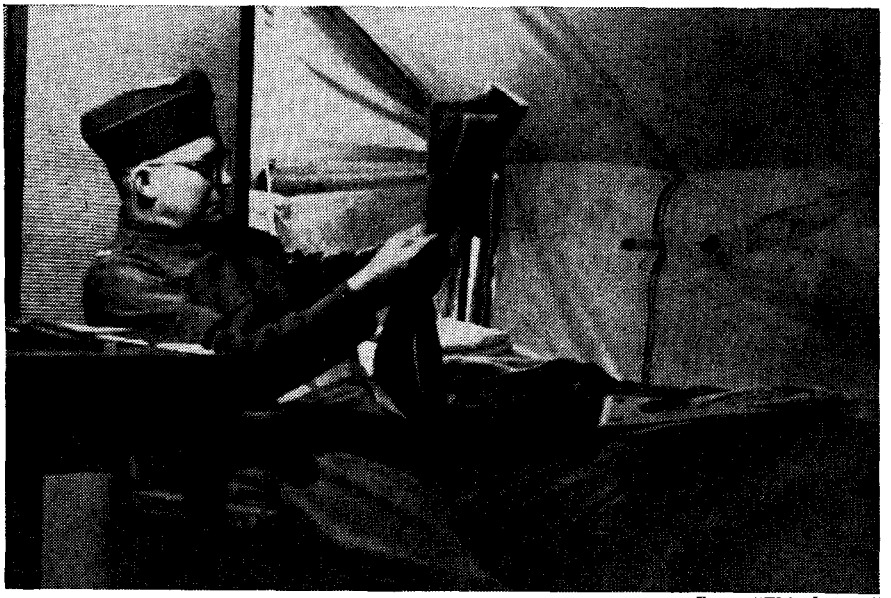
—United Press Association.

Governor and [the then] Mrs. Adlai Stevenson—"He enjoys telling stories."



—From "This Is Ike."

General of the Army Eisenhower when a colonel—"expressive features and gestures."

social gathering when a member of the party is taking motion pictures, Stevenson enjoys showing off for the camera."

Looks as if we might get a pretty interesting campaign.

Personal History Notes

PHOTOGENIC NOMINEE: In time for the Presidential campaign Wilson Hicks, a former *Life* editor, has put together a picture story of Dwight Eisenhower, **"This Is Ike"** (Holt, cloth $2.50, paper $1), an outsized version of that magazine's formula called the "photographic essay." And with so oft-snapped and photogenic a subject as General Ike, there is no shortage of attractive material. Aided by some well-preserved specimens of family-album art and the amateur but interesting camera work of the general's son, Editor Hicks presents a fairly continuous story that includes Eisenhower's life before the days of fame, as well as family moments afterward. Care in selection and layout is obvious throughout, although there are some inexplicable omissions—for instance, no picture in this collection pairs Eisenhower with George C. Marshall, despite their close association; and those relating Ike to FDR and especially Harry Truman are of the perfunctory medal-pinning variety. The text, by Gardner Soule, is slapdash and, for all its adulation, unfair to the general in its high-gloss treatment of his many accomplishments. One wonders why, considering the log-cabin and poor-boy tradition associated with the Presidency, this caption writer should find it "paradoxical" that a man born "in a frame bungalow in the poor section of town . . . is being measured for the White House." Or why his service as Chief of Staff is barely mentioned.

Of course, the objective of this book is to sing Ike's praises, not his deeds. But, by themselves, the pictures do that. His grin, his good looks, his expressive features and gestures need little textual elaboration. And the reproduction here of the famous "well—, I'll-be-damned" shot, mirroring Ike's first reaction to Truman's recall of MacArthur, not only shows the general's human reactions but makes this a picture gallery worth owning.

—PETER R. LEVIN.

SHE MARRIED A LUMBERJACK: The marriage of opposites has of late produced a bumper crop of books by wives who have been badly startled by the professions into which they have married. Many of these books have had to sketch adventure in such high colors that the resulting hilarity verged on strain.

Olive Barber, who has written of her experiences in a book called **"The Lady and the Lumberjack"** (Crowell, $3), needs no such expedients. A somewhat straitlaced school teacher from the Middle West, she went to the State of Washington to visit friends. She met "Curly" Barber at a picnic on Saturday; the next week the Puget Sound logger had quit his job because "it interfered with his courting." This was something entirely new in conduct for the prim young school teacher to digest. She was both scandalized and flattered, a mental and emotional condition which, had she but known, was to sum up the climate of her married life pretty well. Nothing in her upbringing had prepared her for her new husband, so quickly acquired, or for life in a lumber camp in the Northwest woods. She didn't even understand the logging language and she didn't hear anything else. As she moved from camp to camp with her husband she alternated between interest and a determination to learn enough about the lumber business to *look* intelligent, at least, and despair about the future and present of marriage in this man's world into which she seemed to have blundered.

Stewart Holbrook, who induced Mrs. Barber to write the book, notes in his foreword that nothing has been said before about the wife's view of lumbering. Mrs. Barber's vivid account of this lusty and dangerous life won't send many readers out to marry into the lumber business, but it's entertaining reading just the same.

—PAMELA TAYLOR.

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to register
if you want
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Broadway Postscript

PICKWICK FOR PICKWICKIANS

WHEN American playwright Stanley Young saw his adaptation of Dickens's "Pickwick Papers" produced in London last season, he felt "like a tourist wearing kilts in Edinburgh." Now "Mr. Pickwick" is being smuggled back to Broadway and Mr. Young is in the even more awkward position of having to sport his British creation in front of home folks.

"Dickens is really not as peculiarly *British* as people think," explains the Indiana-born writer. "For all his heavy local coloring, the characters in 'Pickwick Papers' have counterparts in our contemporary society here and even in many other countries where English is not the native tongue. Pickwick is essentially a man capable of living with his own crotchets. In some ways a sort of Senator Tobey."

When Mr. Young, who is a former English instructor at Williams, undertook the task of putting into play form the discursive episodes which Dickens had composed singly from one week to the next, he decided to work backwards. Selecting the end of the famous trial scene as his climax, he preceded them with those episodes from the book which were most colorful and at the same time could be made to carry the thread of plot from the double-entendre scene between the ivory-towered Pickwick and his housekeeper (half-way through Vol. I) into the savagely real clutches of shyster law. Actually there is quite a bit of rearrangement, with early sequences sometimes fitted in after later ones, and characters occasionally popping in on episodes at which they had not been present in the book.

"Since 'Pickwick Papers' does not represent life exactly as it was in 1827, but is instead a highly exaggerated satire on some of the absurdities of the period," says Young, "I felt I might take liberties with the plot much the way an adaptor does when making a book into a musical. In fact, I like to think of 'Mr. Pickwick' as a musical comedy without music."

Because of the exigencies of the stage, Mr. Young was forced to pare the list of characters from ninety-eight to twenty-four (Bob Sawyer, Ben Allen, Job Trotter are the leading victims) and omit a couple of the famous episodes ("It killed me not to be able to find a place for 'Christmas at Dingley Dell'"). Dickens fans will

—*Erich Hartmann.*
Stanley Young—"worried look."

probably not be bothered by the omissions as much as they may be by such things as seeing the heretofore celibate Pickwick now enjoying some romantic escapades previously reserved for Tupman; or finding Sam Weller extorting his master's release from prison by physically threatening Buzfuz; however, they will very probably be pleased that the endearing Pickwick Club of Mr. Young's play is not disbanded as it was in the book, but is left enduring at the final curtain.

WHATEVER the changes in plot, the playwright has made every effort to preserve the characters intact.

"You can't draw them quite as subtly in a play as you can in a book, but that is less important in 'Pickwick' than it is in most other books. You see, Dickens meant for these people to be caricatures suitable for illustrating with two-dimensional comic strips. In addition, all of his figures in 'Pickwick' are shot through with innocence, and the audience, just like Pickwick, acquires more sweetness and tolerance as the adventures progress until by the end of the book you don't hate anyone, even Jingle and Buzfuz."

Since character growth is the substitute for plot in this kind of play, Mr. Young is underlining his point by amending the London script to bring Jingle and Mrs. Bardell into the final scene so that Mr. Pickwick's forgiving nature will be demonstrated as it was in the book. "The play is a great part extravaganza, laughter, and poking fun at some of the institutions which Dickens found inane," admits

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the playwright. "But there is also a quality of quaintness and pathos which, if we've been successful, ought to touch you a bit."

"MISTER Pickwick" will be the fourth play the forty-six-year-old writer has had produced on Broadway in fifteen years of trying (previous entries were a verse drama entitled "Robin Landing," a play about Byron called "Bright Rebel," and "Ask My Friend Sandy"). The play he believes to be his best is "The Big People," which was written several years ago but so far hasn't been able to work its way north of Philadelphia. That he is a man of high principle can be inferred from the fact that although he makes his living as a partner in the publishing firm of Farrar, Straus & Young, he sanctions his novelist-wife, Nancy Wilson Ross, writing such best-sellers as "The Left Hand Is the Dreamer" and turning them over to the rival Random House. He doesn't carry this principle too far, however, and his next play is an adaptation of Fritz Peters's "The World Next Door," which was published by his own company. Young's almost constant worried look belies the fact that he feels happiest writing in the comic tradition of Dickens, which he defines as getting at the truth through broad caricature. He agrees with the assessment of Dickens in Louis Kronenberger's new book, "The Thread of Laughter," which places him as the one man who might have brought back to English stage comedy the quality that went out of it after Ben Jonson. But the finest tribute paid to Dickens is perhaps the statement Shaw made in the January 2, 1911 edition of *The Bookman*, which Young has copied into a sheet of paper he carries in his wallet.

Upon being asked about Dickens's influence on him GBS replied that his own work was "all over Dickens" and that what appealed to him were "the monstrous and side-splitting verbal antics that never for a moment came within a mile of any possible human utterance; that is what I call mastery; knowing exactly how to be unerringly true and serious whilst entertaining your reader with every trick, freak, and sally that imagination and humor can conceive at their freeest and wildest."

With such a document burning a hole in his back pocket, it is little wonder that Mr. Young should have a worried look.

—HENRY HEWES.

Drama Note

BEHIND THE VELVET CURTAIN: The British have far more respect for their theatrical past than do we for ours. This respect accounts for a great many differences between their theatre and Broadway. It also accounts for the flood of reminiscences that keep appearing. The most recent, **"Edwardian Theatre"** (Macmillan, $4.50), covers the period 1901-1910. In it A. E. Wilson describes a world of entertainment and spectacle where the charm and beauty of the performers was infinitely more important than the shallow plays they appeared in. The author defends what would seem a fattening diet of bon-bons, by pointing out that the Edwardian theatre also found room for the unsugared wares of Shaw, Granville-Barker, and Galsworthy.

Reassuring to contemporary playgoers will be the discovery that this glamorous era of popular theatre was marked by frequently stated misgivings that drama was going to the dogs, a highly ballyhooed inquiry into the censorship problem which accomplished nothing, and a raging controversy about poetic drama with Stephen Phillips rather than Christopher Fry as the protagonist.

These values partially offset the book's inevitable weakness, which is its relative inability to pinpoint the hundreds of personalities mentioned in such a way that each will have a special life in the eye of an absent reader.

—H. H.

The Factory

By Kenneth Chertok

THE world is set in sadness
And the children
Shaded by the factories
Feel the sadness
Whisp'ring
From the windows where the workers
stay

The world is set in darkness
Yet the workers
Jaded by the factories
Feel the darkness
Leaving
When the morning sends the moon
away

Oh the world is set in madness!
Can the children
Faded by the factories
Feel the madness
Deep'ning
In the marrow of each coming day?

PSST!

Remember Pygmalion and Major Barbara? Well, wait'll you see what I've done to Androcles and the Lion!
—GBS

GABRIEL PASCAL presents
BERNARD SHAW'S
"ANDROCLES AND THE LION"
starring
JEAN SIMMONS · VICTOR MATURE
ROBERT NEWTON · MAURICE EVANS
and ALAN YOUNG as Androcles

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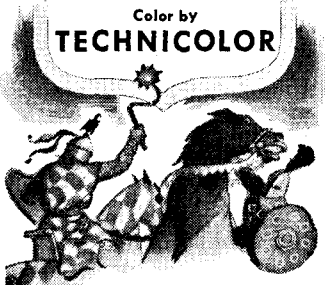

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THE SNOWS of KILIMANJARO
TECHNICOLOR
20th CENTURY-FOX

Starring
GREGORY PECK
SUSAN HAYWARD
AVA GARDNER
with HILDEGARDE NEFF
Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK
Directed by HENRY KING
Screen Play by CASEY ROBINSON

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SR Goes to the Movies

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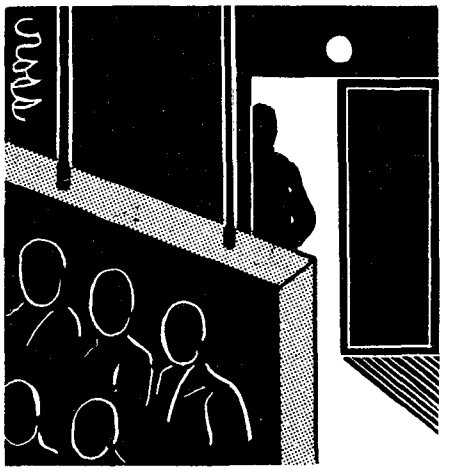

FOR much of its length, "Monkey Business" (20th Century-Fox) is a pretty amusing affair. It presents Cary Grant as a research chemist working up some kind of youth drug in his laboratory. His own experiments are unsuccessful, but a chimpanzee momentarily loose in the lab hits on the right formula, then dumps his brew in the water cooler. Thereafter, whenever one of the unsuspecting principals draws himself a drink, he or she is promptly transported back to adolescence. Writers Ben Hecht, Charles Lederer, and I. A. L. Diamond obviously had a good time fooling around with this notion, especially when Grant, taking the first swallow, is transformed from a staid scientist into a skittery high-school sophomore with a taste for speedy convertibles, sporty jackets—and Marilyn Monroe. They were still having fun when Ginger Rogers, playing Cary Grant's wife, takes the second drink and imagines that she is having a schoolgirl affair with her husband. After that, though, the plotting conceivably became a bit more difficult, what with propeling the right people to the cooler at the right time and keeping everyone else in the reasonably crowded laboratory away from it. At least, until the "sock" finale. The strain begins to show not only in the situations, but in some of the gags that pad out the last third of the film as well.

Even so, without becoming at all stuffy about it, "Monkey Business" agreeably reverses the general movie view of life, suggesting that there might be some virtue and dignity in maturity and that the golden dream of eternal youth could have its nightmare aspects. Cary Grant, a polished *farceur,* makes this point with considerable skill and charm. Ginger Rogers, on the other hand, is often more than a little embarrassing in her hoyden passages, pursuing cuteness and coyness with cold-blooded and humorless efficiency. Charles Coburn proves helpful as the big drug tycoon. While Marilyn Monroe, who seems to spend a few minutes in just about every picture these days, lends her decorative presence to more than the usual number of scenes. She doesn't have a great deal to do, but she looks good doing it. Howard Hawks keeps the action moving along briskly, the lines are generally bright, and Leigh Harline has tickled it all up with a perky little musical score.

* * *

For "The Devil Makes Three," M-G-M has carried Gene Kelly and Pier Angeli to Germany and Austria, setting them down in the midst of magnificent scenery and an unusually good story. The film opens in Munich a year or two after the last war. Kelly, an Air Force captain, has come back to pay his respects to the family that helped him escape from a Nazi prison camp. He finds only Pier Angeli, the daugh-

SR Recommends

O. Henry's Full House: A quintet of O. Henry stories generally well translated to the film medium. (*SR* Sept. 13).

Beauty and the Devil: The Faust legend imbued by Rene Clair with his unique kind of frolic. (*SR* Sept. 13.)

You for Me: The Golden Rule takes a beating in a minor but entertaining comedy. (*SR* Aug. 30.)

The Quiet Man: John Ford goes back to the Old Sod to discover the loves and sports of Irishmen. (*SR* Aug. 23.)

The Big Sky: An engrossing and highly scenic screen adaptation of A. B. Guthrie Jr.'s novel. (*SR* Aug. 16.)

Son of Paleface: Bob Hope in a "wild man" film reminiscent of Keaton and Lloyd. (*SR* Aug. 9.)

Ivanhoe: A somewhat denatured but still splendiferous mounting of Scott's Norman-Saxon classis. (*SR* Aug. 2.)

Carrie: An absorbing match with Laurence Olivier's talent combatting his lack of verisimilitude in Dreiser's part. (*SR* July 12.)

High Noon: A very superior Western crowded with atmosphere and foreboding. (*SR* July 5.)

Under the Paris Sky: Some "snatch-of-life" episodes welded by Duvivier into a pictorially vivid apotheosis of Paris. (*SR* May 24.)

Outcast of the Islands: Conrad's early novel transformed by Carol Reed into a film with a full quota of authentic atmosphere. (*SR* Apr. 26.)

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ter: her parents were killed in an Allied air raid. The girl now works in a shady nightclub, engaging in black-market activities on the side. Thoroughly disenchanted, she has no compunction about using Kelly as a blind, even after he falls in love with her. Reluctantly, he agrees to help the military authorities uncover the entire black-market gang, a gang gathering its resources for another stab at Nazi power.

While all of this is well within the frame of the conventional chase melodrama, the approach to the story is of more than ordinary interest. Germans are people, the film says. During the war it may have been necessary to bomb and destroy indiscriminately; but now, the war over, one must discover them as individuals. Some Germans, it says, are still Nazis at heart and must be hunted down. But others are pro-Nazi only through force of circumstances and can be won away with proper help and understanding. Unusual stuff to find in a spy thriller, and especially since it is there as a point of view and not as a message. The film itself is given over to action, not to philosophy. Kelly is excellent as the American flier, Pier Angeli sympathetic if not too happily cast in her more difficult role. But it is the Austrian Claus Clausen who takes the top acting honors. His is a demonic face, weirdly disturbing when we see him first singing mockingly at his nightclub piano, then frighteningly evil as we discover him to be in fact the fanatical leader of the new Nazi movement. The final scenes, photographed in the ruins of Hitler's eyrie near Berchtesgaden, more than justify Metro's travel expenses—as do the scenes of Munich, Salzburg, and the Austrian Alps they have thrown in for good measure. Andrew Marton's direction, a bit leisurely at the outset, builds to a gripping, suspensefully photographed finale.

* * *

By contrast, "One Minute to Zero" (RKO), a film on the current fighting in Korea, is a cheap and routine affair produced to cash in on current headlines but contributing nothing to an understanding of them. Robert Mitchum, an infantry colonel, is in Korea when war breaks out. So is Ann Blyth, doing something for the United Nations. The better part of two hours is given over to their off-again, on-again love affair, with occasional interruptions while Mitchum goes out to be heroic. Signal Corps pictures of the actual fighting in Korea, baldly inserted into the preponderance of studio footage, only enhance the generally synthetic effect of the whole.

—Arthur Knight.

TV and Radio

THE COMMERCIAL AS A WORK OF ART

THE following items appeared recently in the trade press:

> The majority of commercials on TV are better produced and more interesting than the majority of video shows, in the opinion of TV stations and advertisers around the country contacted by Irv Gwirtz, just back from a cross-country trip in behalf of Teleclix.
>
> —*Hollywood Reporter.*

> Attention-getting devices are usually a waste of time (and money) . . . With commercials running in cost to thousands of dollars a minute, admen must learn that attracting attention is in itself not essential. —*Sponsor.*

The second of these is one of ten conclusions reached by Daniel Starch and staff, and the apparatus of research used by them is given in profuse, impressive, and to laymen like myself barely comprehensible detail. No details whatever are given about Mr. Gwirtz's method of making TV stations render opinions and I, for one, am content to be left in the dark because his conclusion falls in with a notion I have been toying with for some time. He says, in effect, that commercials are better entertainment than entertainment, and in this he may be right or wrong; but he has recognized the essential quality of the commercial—it is a program within a program and it is, consequently, subject to criticism as a work of art. I propose to examine this idea for a moment before returning to the revolutionary doctrine of Daniel Starch and staff.

According to our daintier esthetes, the commercial cannot be a pure work of art because it is also a piece of propaganda; it lives in no tower of Ivory Soap, it comes down into the marketplace and fights. Suppose we call it a highly developed, but mixed, form of peoples' art.

Between the commercial and the program in which it appears a strong reciprocal action has taken place: the commercial has taken over the form of the entertainment and now the entertainment is taking over the techniques of the commercial. Already the biggest laughs on the Arthur Godfrey Talent Scout program come when he engagingly refers to the "stuff" he is selling, and the vast vaudeville shows crammed into ninety seconds by Lucky Strike are far more slickly produced (and perhaps more expensive) than the often excellent Montgomery production of plays which surround them. More and more, the actors in TV drama, variety, and documentary are using sales techniques borrowed from the commercial. An actor saying, "Have you read this book?," instinctively picks it up and pushes it toward the camera (and you) for a closeup. Next year he will hold it coyly over his heart.

The commercial uses at least three major forms of television entertainment, with more or less success. The one-minute drama which follows the contours, with variations, of "Romeo and Juliet" has not been happily transferred from radio to television because the esthetic problems of the new medium have not been solved. The classic form in radio is: girl meets

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boy; girl loses boy; girl is advised to and does use the right deodorant (*deus ex machina*); girl gets boy. In a recent version the young wife was letting breakfast crockery slip out of her hand (the marriage might go on the rocks if this kept up). "What's wrong?" her husband asked. "I don't know. I'm just edgy." He suggested a cigarette, mentioning it by name. After one puff she remarked, "You're right. I feel better already." Shown to some fifty groups of ex-G.I.'s, this commercial never failed to arouse derisive laughter; no one doubted the soothing effect of a cigarette, but the time element was wrong. In the dark obscurity of radio, a few seconds of silence could suggest a proper interval; but television does not suggest, it explicitly shows what occurs. Failing to manipulate the time-sense, which the art of fiction demands, the commercial became a diagram of a drama rather than a drama itself.

The commercial as a vaudeville act (the second basic form), such as the Lucky Strike productions I have mentioned, are built on speed, noise, and change (of picture, of pace, of personnel). I have seen, in a single commercial, a small chorus, a quartet, two soloists, a skating ballet, and a comedy waiter doing pratfalls. Technically the vaudeville-commercial is more completely realized than the variety program, which is still fumbling about for its true television form, using routines from the old Palace days, the night-club MC, and backchat with acrobats. The smooth machine-made efficiency of this type of commercial is a relief and a pleasure.

The third form borrowed by the commercial is the documentary. It is successful (for motor cars, for instance) when it displays, demonstrates, and describes a product, showing at the same time the pleasure given to the user. It is less successful (shampoos, refrigerators, cigarettes) when it is obsessed with the necessity to run down "other brands." In this field the commercial can learn from the purer forms of art: neither "Hamlet" nor the Ninth Symphony slyly remind the listener of other (no names, please) inferior products.

It is here that you can see the importance of the Starch dictum on "attention-getting devices." Unlike the program itself, the commercial does not have to get its audience; the audience is there, delivered and held captive by the program. Perhaps that is why the run of commercials is not, in spite of Irv Gwirtz, superior to the run of programs. When both of them will have to fight to get and hold their audiences, television may become, like the movies, better than ever.

—Gilbert Seldes.

WORDS IN PUBLIC

(*Continued from page* 10)

mop, or his children's education. Let's call a spade a spade, and that's an *implement.*

In terms of—In terms of what, and why? This, I think, we must always ask when confronted by the expression. As: "Personal income is higher *in terms of* consumer prices." The expression is used properly here, but why use it at all? It is just as correct, and more clear, to say, "The purchasing power of personal income has increased." When the phrase is used properly it almost always is unnecessary, serving only to give a cryptically intellectual air to an unecessarily long sentence. More often, however, the phrase is used in a way which makes the sentence misleading or meaningless. Some psychologists explain social conflict *in terms of* individual neuroses. Why not say, "We disagree because we are neurotic"? But that would invite a definition of "neurotic," and it might have to be given *in terms of terms* more and more ultimate until, as Maurice Hewlett said, we have finally explained what we do not understand, in words we cannot define. *In terms of* are crutch words: We hobble through discourse with them. They become so much a part of us that we use them involuntarily. Jacques Barzun gives them a proper scorching in "Teacher in America." After reading it, I happened onto an article by Professor Barzun. There they were!—serving to explain an idea *in terms* of another. If the words were taken from us, we might become inarticulate—an uncertain misfortune. If we were deprived of the power to say what we mean, we also would be unable to say what we do not mean *in terms of* something equally without meaning. I will admit, reluctantly, that the expression must be used in rare circumstances. But on all other occasions it should be locked up with the verb *implement.* A Frenchman said that language is the means by which we conceal our thoughts. He could also have said it is the means by which we conceal a lack of them.

Level—There are *levels* on all *levels* of public speech, and the reader must proceed cautiously if he is not to be leveled by them. Record *levels,* policy *levels,* high, low, adequate, satisfactory, and intolerable *levels,* some preceded by a hyphen, some not, occasionally those which grow from their modifier as from a root, like highlevel employment. This, however, may be a bit of sabotage by a pixie-ish, or pixieish, printer; on the other hand it may represent a "carefully considered" decision by proofreaders, copyreaders, or editorialspecialists operating onthepolicylevel. The word is used to convey a number of ideas, none of which have anything to do with literal height or flatness (a rather awkward combination but not unmanageable). I am fondest of the word when used this way and also like the use which has emerged from the underworld and has passed, through successively higher *levels,* from vulgarism to slang to colloquial usage, as "Let's keep this on the level, Bub!"

In public speech, its meanings are so diverse that they must be classified:

High level employment: Read, "maximum feasible amount."

High level of business: "Prosperity," a word fallen on evil days because it was used in what has become old-fashioned business cycle theory.

Policy level: This is a rarified atmosphere, just one cut, or *level,* below the empyrean.

Ad hoc level: Several cuts below the policy level, inhabited by hard-working people who are not certain whether they are making decisions or just salting down the anchor.

State, county, or *local levels:* States, counties, cities.

Federal level: This is where authority is being accumulated, in an upward movement which demonstrates, among other things, that power operates in a manner opposite that of gravity, and suggests that if Acton were alive he now would say: All power moves to upper levels and absolute power levels absolutely, *i. e.,* pulverizes.

Liquidate—Its current use is an example of the dialectic at work, bringing political opposites together with the usual result of mish-mash. At one time *liquid* was used in business: an

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enterprise was liquid when a certain portion of its assets consisted of cash or near-monies. It was a good figure for an important idea. The transfer of capital from less to more important uses is most easily done when capital is liquid.

This is a very capitalistic idea, according to the Marxists. They have their own use for *liquidate,* meaning the elimination of anything disagreeable, which can be a person, idea, or institution. Kulaks were *liquidated,* so were NEP-men and other "remnants of bourgeois society." *Liquidation* worked so well with them that it was extended to others, to persons in the military, in the Party, in the leadership of the Party, to commissars, technicians, writers, composers. "An inordinate liquidity preference," Keynes would have said. The *liquidation* occurred during the *purges* (a revolting combination).

There is a sly connection between the capitalist and Communist uses of the word. We have begun to speak of "the liquidation of out-dated, anti-social institutions." If Congress wishes to abolish an intractable government agency, it calls for its *liquidation,* which means the agency closes up and its employees are left to shift for themselves (to another but less *liquid* agency, if possible). But in capitalist countries *liquidation* is confined to things. People merely get the bum's-rush, an old-fashioned but comforting practice. In the film "The Wizard of Oz" one of the good people throws a pail of water over a sulphurous crone; she sizzles, then poof, goes up in smoke, and vanishes forever. "Liquidated, as it were," I believe the hero says.

Peoples—We are no longer people. The world is now peopled by *peoples,* as the dialect comedians used to say but find there is no longer a laugh in it. I think this began in the expression The *Peoples* of the World. It quickly spread to the *peoples* of the Americas to the *peoples* of the United States to the *peoples* of Chicago. The next phase may produce: "The peoples who live above me and keep their radio blaring so that all I can hear is the peoples in the studio audience screaming at peoples like each other and me." Does the word disclose a subtle change in our idea of liberty? Formerly we talked of *individuals,* reserved *people* for the occasions when we had to be considered collectively, and we hardly ever put an *s* to it. Was it Wilson who started this in his Fourteen Points? His intentions were noble; never could he have believed something like this would result: "If the direct relations of peoples to peoples which modern communications permit are relations of understanding . . . then peace will work. If however, the direct relations of peoples with each other are relations of doubt . . ."

The *s* is sometimes dropped from *peoples* and the word used as a verb, like *to people* a country, area, or colony. Why not a suburb or an apartment house? When tenants leave, the place is not empty; it is *depeopled.* This is a good lip exercise and more modern than "prunes, prisms, and prunella." Young ladies of social conscience can train themselves on : "To depeople the peoples of populated places is a proper purpose of planned parenthood." V. S. Pritchett objects to *evacuating* peoples from bombed areas; it is too suggestive of a purge. But *evacuation* is a lesser barbarism than *depeople.*

S-p-e-l-l o-u-t—This began as a synonym for "explain in detail," or "elucidate with attention to the facts." Like many other words in public speech it once had merit, expressing briefly and familiarly certain ideas which otherwise would have to be put into a large number of perhaps pretentious words. But like many other expressions, *spell*

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 964)

*GELETT BURGESS:

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You have to learn the rules for all;
You have to learn to swim and skate,
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* He was a B-C'er from the beginning to the day of his death and was actively interested in my product.

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out has become a fly-catcher. With everything sticking to it, it has become very messy. We *spell out* a policy when we mean we explain it. We *spell out* the facts when we mean we collect them, or perhaps order them to prove a point. We *spell out* a plan when we mean we formulate it; or perhaps we mean "carry it out, fulfil it, or complete it"; or perhaps we mean something different from any of these. Instead of making ideas clear, the expression has come to conceal them. This sends us back to the nursery, where we conceal our intentions from the children: "Do they know the dessert is i-c-e c-r-e-a-m?"

Supererogation—This is not in the vocabulary of public speech; it describes may things which are. Supererogation is of several varieties.

The first, and happily the rarest, is sheer afflatus. A high public official recently said: "I have stressed the fateful role which the United States has come to occupy in the progress of human destiny." This leaves one a little breathless. It was said of the energetic Mr. Pancks whose conduct overwhelmed bystanders: "For as to Pancks, he does, he really does, he does indeed." Our public official overwhelms us with a vision of Providence reaching down to point a great finger at the United States, directing it to lead mankind forward and ever upward to its ineluctable destiny, which is progress certainly, described many times over. He (the public official, not Providence) is fond of inviting less fortunate *peoples* to share our divine appointment.

A second class consists of the huff-and-puff and blowhard variety. Its most eminent practitioner is John L. Lewis, who did not tell the miners to end their strike but to "cease the work stoppage forthwith." They didn't. Instead, they intensified the stoppage thereupon until the Government acted to cause a breakage in the situation. I remember a lady eager for society who said she was late to tea because she could not leave home until the plumber had "engineered an unstoppage of the drain."

In distinction to the blowhard, there is the try-hard variety, which either collapses under sheer redundancy or gets completely out of hand. By reading Government documents you will learn of *carefully considered* and *well directed efforts* . . . that the Government is *keenly* aware of *grave* problems, to be solved, at a *bare* minimum, with *full* consideration to the *appropriate unifying* principles, which will *propel* the *dynamic forces of expansion,* to *new, higher* and *unprecedented levels,* with a tremendous *impact* on our way of life. It makes one want to hold on tight. It also makes one speculate on the existence of carelessly considered and poorly directed efforts, of governments which are dully aware of trivial problems, solved with slight consideration to irrelevant, disunifying principles, which will have little effect on the static forces of expansion and strike our way of life with the force of a powder puff. Would the effect be any different on the reality which the two kinds of language are supposed to describe?

There also is the vaporous variety of supererogation. It can be analyzed by a law of verbal gases: The clarity of a sentence varies inversely with the square of its volume. There never are stresses in government, but *stresses* and *strains.* It does not offer advice *about* or *on* something but *as regards to, with reference to,* and of course, *in terms of* something or other. Problems are not studied; they are *under continuous study* and *at all times.* Policies are not policies unless they are *sound;* they are not administered, but either *implemented* or *acted upon,* and always *within reasonable limits.* I do not know when this inflation of English sentences began, but I suspect (*strongly,* of course) that Macaulay carried it beyond (*all*) hope of reform. He prided himself on being "pellucid." He was, he said, the only writer who had yet taken pains to be "pellucid." If he really had meant it, he would have said "clear." In fairness, it must be said that his meaning, however trivial, was clear.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
INTRIGUE *Eric Ambler* (Knopf: $3.95)	Foursome: "Journey Into Fear," "A Coffin for Demetrios," "Cause for Alarm," "Background to Danger" (1937-1940) — reissue of 1943 omnibus.	Comes to 1,118 pages, by our count, making it thriller bargain of the year.	Prize package
THE HEIR OF DOUGLAS *Lillian de la Torre* (Knopf: $4)	Eighteenth-century fact case centering on authenticity of heir to Scottish fortune; this one had Johnson and Boswell biting their nails.	Scholarly and lively treatment by a practised hand (author of "Elizabeth Is Missing").	Grade A specialty
THE BRONZE MERMAID *Paul Ernst* (Mill-Morrow: $2.50)	N. Y. night-spot hoofer done in; Sam Cates, insurance follower-up, tangles with Lt. Ryan of cops.	Too ruminative in spots, but brisk elsewhere; sleuths nicely sketched; pleasant piece of writing.	Middling plus
THE CROOKED MAN *Shelley Smith* (Harper: $2.50)	British youth (complete rotter) makes career of thievery, panhandling, marriage, arson, murder; object: pounds and pence.	Case-history sort of job; cops only incidental (but effective); story's relentlessness almost painful at times.	Unusual
WHAT REALLY HAPPENED *Brett Halliday* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	Miami dame shot and candidates mushroom; Shamus Shayne sorts aces from jokers, collects handsomely.	Personnel largely made to order to fit involved but neat plot; too much explaining at some points.	Moves
PETER CHEYNEY'S DARK OMNIBUS *Peter Cheyney* (Dodd, Mead: $3)	"The Stars Are Dark," "Dark Street," "Sinister Errand" (wartime espionage, Britain and elsewhere) in bargain packet of 627 pages.	Foreword by Anthony Boucher gives trio nice sendoff and posits Cheyney's place in literature of intrigue.	Worthy memorial volume
DEADLOCK *Ruth Fenisong* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Dilettante plugged in N. Y. apartment; Lt. Nelson, Homicide (nice gent), links case with second slaughter, comes up with odd answers.	Jerky and episodic at start, but jells quickly into sound performance; victim slightly incredible.	Good, save as noted
FADE OUT THE STARS *Marten Cumberland* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Triple snatch of French movie aces leads Commissaire Dax and aides along cadaver-beset trail.	Suspenseful in spots, elsewhere subsides into routine pace; treatment straightforward orthodox.	Fifty-fifty

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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SCIENCE

(*Continued from page 20*)

even historians of science, find the greatest difficulty in "reading" such works as Ptolemy's "Almagest," Copernicus's "De Revolutionibus," or Newton's "Principia." That they can do so at all is due to the existence of commentaries or editions with explanatory footnotes. Yet in this set of "great books," there are practically no footnotes, even to explain the technical terms, and generally no explanatory introductions. While we must applaud the first printing in English of translations of Ptolemy, Copernicus, and Kepler, we must also ask what general reader will ever read them?

Only two works contain any introductions at all—the Ptolemy contains an excellent introduction and a glossary, but the Copernicus is prefaced by a series of questions which the translator asks himself and then answers in a way that is somewhat inaccurate and irrelevant, and at times misleading. What is the general reader, who has finally found an explanatory introduction to a "great book," to make of the translator's discussion of how astronomers "transform an epicycle on a homocentric into an epicyclic an epicyclic sphere between two homocentric crystalline spheres, which was tangent to the inner surface of the outer and to the outer surface of the inner sphere and which rolled around within their space in between—with further permutations and combinations of eccentric, epicyclic, and homocentric spheres for apparent movements of greater irregularity"?

Of course, even a hundred-page commentary would not serve to make the "Principia" and other older technical scientific works "readable," and the non-presence of such commentaries may be taken as a tacit admission of the unfortunate truth of this situation. We are forced to the admission that for practically every purchaser of the "Great Books of the Western World," the theorems, proofs, equations, diagrams, experiments, and theories of the scientific books of the remote past—scientifically speaking—will serve only as a cultural ornament on the library shelf. And the one genuine service to scholars—the publication of English versions of Kepler, Copernicus, and Ptolemy—is rendered all but useless by the fact that the volume containing these works is not sold separately either for libraries or historians of science.

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FICTION

(*Continued from page* 13)

(Jefferson, Paine, and Lincoln) have done to the franchise.

All of this and much more is described in the almost painful tone of even, monotonous, and naive respect, by "Pete" Mendenhall, editor of the Thudbury-owned *Enterprise.* The quality of the book depends entirely upon this relationship of narrator and subject; and in developing it, Davis takes more than one leaf from Marquand's "The Late George Apley." The strategy of the novel consists of giving the narrator an absolute commitment to Thudbury's "rightness," as well as to the unquestioned correctness of everything he stands for. From this naiveté, incredibly consistent, comes the "comedy" suggested in the book's subtitle. The total effect is ironic; the simple-minded narrator cannot conceal the defects of his subject, nor gloss over the quality of privilege so prominently featured in its "greatness." Davis points up, by means of his narrator's unsubtle taste and uncritical devotion, the enormities of judgment, the not infrequent grossness of conduct, and the wearisome invocation of platitudes which reduce Thudbury's eminence to a proper scale. Yet Davis shares with his narrator a small measure of his respect and a little of his awe. "Thudbury" is a part of the development of recent years designed to revise and correct the perspective on the American businessman. As such, it is a very interesting book; what it does is to qualify both the exorbitant and uncritical estimate put upon the business titan by himself and the extravagant censure visited upon him by his detractors.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 483

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 483 will be found in the next issue.

NAOBP COQ BAO CDAO

REFPEQNSEFTOR GH ABQNO

BQR OWPOQP PTBQ GH

DAENEQBMEPH. A. Z.

OCOAFDQ

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 482

A great many people think they are thinking when they are merely rearranging their prejudices.
—WILLIAM JAMES.

Scars of Defeat

THE GATHERING DARKNESS. By Thomas Gallagher. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 330 *pp.* $3.50.

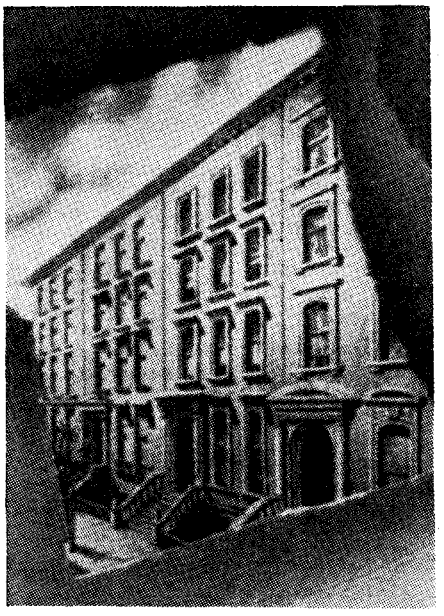
By NATHAN ROTHMAN

IN his book, "Masters of the Drama," John Gassner makes the point somewhere—I think it is in reference to the appearance of the modern problem play with Ibsen and Chekhov—that the modern tragedy is one of attrition. Not now the clash of mighty forces and the fall of kings, but the descent of the little man into his little hell: the slow unwinding of the tight coil of resistance, the day-by-day erosion of courage and crumbling of character, until everything gives. It is indeed a gathering darkness, as Thomas Gallagher has named his novel; and it seems to me that he has written a beautiful example of the novel of attrition.

Of course it leaves its wake of doubt and conjecture as it goes. This behaviorist approach to the novel is never going to have clear sailing. The reader, sensitive to other philosophies, is going to ask as he reads: If the Wall Street crash of 1929 had not taken every cent from John McPeek and his family, would they then have escaped the steady degeneration of their life? If they could have remained in the sun of New York's Morningside Drive instead of having to retreat to Amsterdam Avenue, would John have continued unconscious of his wife Cathy's fading charms, the harsh insistence of her voice and the stony solidity of her chin? Would daughter Sheila then have been able to keep from sliding into her terrible slough of moral and physical destruction? These, and others such, are inescapable questions. They rise out of what may appear to be Mr. Gallagher's sense of determinism in human affairs.

But before we answer "No" and thereby undermine the validity of his novel, we had better look closer into the precepts by which he explains the degradation of the McPeeks. Mr. Gallagher does not seem to me to be advancing the simple mechanistic proposition (against which the questions above would be leveled) that circumstance determines character and dictates the processes of behavior. I think his life of the McPeeks rests upon quite another premise: that circumstance reveals character, and accelerates the natural processes. The McPeeks carried within them the seeds of their own destruction. The uneasy union of John and Cathy as they cast words across the wall between them, of difference of temperament, of other languages, other keys to sincerity, private inner islands; the problem of Sheila and Peg, Peg being Cathy's daughter by an earlier marriage—again an uneasiness, a threatening imbalance that can be held from tipping only by strength and faith and ease of mind—these are facts whose weight, more or less, whose consequences, profound or glancing, can depend upon the social health of the people concerned. Then come the relentless, grinding blows of financial disaster, loss of home, loss of social footing, loss of face, to tear down the cushioning flesh of confidence and uncover, like crying nerves, the fatal flaws.

Such is the pattern of Mr. Gallagher's determinism. It is a compassionate view. It notes, too, the stubborn and inarticulate courage that may lie in defeat, as in John McPeek; and the brilliant, flashing play of personality, spreading wing and displaying fire even as it degenerates, as in Sheila McPeek. Sheila, in her growth into decay, seems to me a consummate literary creation. Mr. Gallagher has been able to do this sort of thing because he writes his drama of determinism like a poet instead of a scientist. He penetrates, he perceives, and he pities. This is his first novel, certainly a remarkable one.



—*From jacket of "The Gathering Darkness."*

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Buccaneers of the Land

BLOOD ROYAL. By Robert Payne. New York: Prentice-Hall. 312 *pp.* $3.50.

By Thomas Caldecot Chubb

IF to tell an exciting tale laid in a highly colorful period of the past is to win success as an historical novelist, then Robert Payne, notable already both in journalism and fiction, certainly deserves an accolade for his new novel. For this story, which takes place in India during the seventeenth-century reign of that Shah Jehan who is known to most of us as the builder of the Taj Mahal, has enough intrigue and suspense to compete with the most thrilling adventure yarn and enough sword play to satisfy the most ardent devotee of cloak and dagger.

Whether it accurately portrays the time when the teeming subcontinent was ruled by the line sprung from Timur and Genghiz, I will have to leave to those more deeply studied in the period. But to the lay reader, it is convincing for all its—to Western eyes—improbabilities. If it does not set down as they really were these "degenerate descendants of the hardy warrior," those "pale persons in muslin petticoats" whose idea of campaigning was leisurely progress over a sunny plain with a city of canvas palaces" ("Cambridge Modern History of India"), it at least presents them to us as we would like to think they were.

And perhaps they really were that way. The kind of mental process that punishes mysteriously and through the mind for unknown offenses, that causes red scorpions to be thrown unaccountably at an emperor to frighten him into being more cruel, and that persuades a son to send to their father his brother's severed head hidden in a box of incense, may be no more inappropriate to these barbarians veneered with civilization than are some of the actions of our own civilization-corrupted Germanic ancestors as related by both Edward Gibbon and Boccaccio.

All this, however, is beside the question, as is also the fact that Mr. Payne has cheerfully rearranged and compressed (but rarely invented) the

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

OVER THE LITERARY CHESSBOARD

The quiz presented below concerns ten famous chess players who castle on the black and white pages of literature. Allowing five points for each character named and another five for either the story or the author, a score of fifty is a gambit, sixty is a stalemate, and seventy or better is a checkmate. Answers on page 42.

1. With a background of artillery fire this American army lieutenant played a losing game of chess with his general on the island of Anopopei.
2. As he was about to lose a game to a stranger on a train taking them to Boston, this world renowned chess champion undermined his opponent's advantage by revealing his identity and won.
3. She explained to her kitten that after she said "Check," she would have won the game except for a nasty wriggling knight.
4. At Lakesnam Villa, while waiting for a guest to arrive, this young man who was to die the next day by oriental magic checkmated his father.
5. Because he beat the automaton he had created at its own game of chess this inventor was strangled to death by it.
6. Even with the handicap of a pawn this detective story writer lost the only three games she ever played with her antique ivory chess set which she found smashed to smithereens the next day.
7. On a steamer headed for England, brooding over his own inferiority complex and gossiping about the other passengers, this American author won a chess game from a monocled Englishman.
8. This inveterate chess player, a former paint manufacturer, appealed to Sherlock Holmes to help find his missing wife and the young doctor with whom he played chess regularly.
9. At the Manhattan Chess Club this inventor of an ineffectual gambit played three exhibition games with the champion of Poland.
10. Deprived of every object that would help while away the time except a stolen book on chess, this Austrian prisoner collapsed from the strain of playing too many games against himself on an imaginary chessboard.

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THE TROUBLE WITH CINDERELLA

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Fiction of the Week

Nearly two hundred books are being published this week. Because of limitations of space, *The Saturday Review* is able to review only a small fraction of them in this issue. Below are listed some of the more important fiction for which we did not have room this week. We hope to give them more extended notice in early issues of the magazine:

CAPTAIN MAROONER. By Louis B. Davidson and Eddie Doherty. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $3.95. The violent cruise of the whaler *Globe* and the mutiny trial that followed. Based on an actual case in the 1820's.

EMPRESS OF BYZANTIUM. By Helen A. Mahler. New York: Coward-McCann. $4. The unorthodox loves of Emperor Theodosius, his wife Athenais, his sister Pulcheria, and handsome favorite Paulinus. Laid in the fifth century B.C.

A FUNERAL FOR SABELLA. By Robert Travers. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3.50. Hardboiled yarn about an undertaker and what he discovered in a corruption-ridden City Hall.

GO. By Clellon Holmes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3. Lost souls, most of them intellectuals, adrift in the dives of Times Square.

GUY RENTON. By Alec Waugh. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. $3. A pleasant family chronicle of the marriages, mismarriages, and star-crossed loves of the Renton family in London between the wars.

HAPPY RETURN. By Angela Thirkell. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50. Miss Thirkell's twenty-third chronicle of life in her legendary Barsetshire.

THE JUNIPER TREE. By Faith Baldwin. New York: Rinehart & Co. $3. How Dave Barton recovered from the loss of his only son. Less romantic in theme and style than most of Miss Baldwin's previous stories.

THE LAST SEPTEMBER. By Elizabeth Bowen. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50. Life among the Anglo-Irish aristocrats during the "troubled times" of the Twenties. A reissue of Miss Bowen's second novel (1929), little known in the U.S.

MANY MANSIONS. By Isabel Bolton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3. Margaret Sylvester takes a backward look at a long, rather frustrated life spent in New York City.

MARCH OF THE HERO. By Richard Lee Marks. New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3.50. Realistic tale of the overthrow of a dictatorship in Latin America.

MRS. REYNOLDS. By Gertrude Stein. New Haven: Yale University Press. $5. A novel and five novelettes written between 1931 and 1936; the title piece is Miss Stein's last completed work. Typically Steinesque.

MY BROTHER, MY ENEMY. By Mitchell Wilson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3.75. The loves and business enterprise of two brothers and a sister.

RIOT AT GRAVESEND. By William Woods. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $3. Exciting historical novel of the English peasants' revolt in 1380.

THE ROAD. By Herman Petersen. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $3. Feuding in the back country between Utica and Binghamton, N. Y., in the late nineteenth century.

STEAMBOAT ON THE RIVER. By Darwin Teilhet. New York: William Sloane Assoc. $3.50. Young Abe Lincoln is one of the passengers aboard the *Talisman* on its progress downstream to St. Louis.

THE SWORD OF SATAN. By H. M. Mons. New York: David McKay Co. $3.50. The bloody career of young Charles-Henri de Longval, who inherits the office of Lord High Executioner of Paris in the late eighteenth century.

YOUNG MAN ON A DOLPHIN. By Anthony Thorne. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.50. The problems of young William Burnett who finds himself the only man on an island abounding with lovely women.

episodes of Shah Jehan's reign to suit his needs. For, using as his mouthpiece Stephen Taverner, an Elizabethan Englishman who has settled in India, this English novelist is not writing history but dredging out of history an intense and implacable drama.

It is a drama that is typical of the Turkish and the Tartar story, the fight for succession between brother and brother, the winner taking all. Dara is Shah Jehan's eldest son and, although some histories call him arrogant and violent, for Mr. Payne's purposes he is the dreamer. Aurengzeb is the ambitious, power-loving man of action.

Aurengzeb in the end wins out, largely through what today we call psychological warfare. How he does so, and with what instruments, and after what setbacks, makes the story.

It is a story packed with fascinating characters and with dazzling scenes. With a battle between a tiger and cheetah; with knight errantry performed on elephant back; with treacheries, deceits, and cruelties; and with such characters as Sarmat, the naked ascetic who makes a huge pachyderm disappear by the most simple and obvious device (after you know what it is); Taverner Khan's human and lovely Persian princess wife, Meriam; the sultry slave girl, Lalita; and that aging hawk, the Shah Jehan himself—it is not likely that the reader will ever be bored.

Nor was it Mr. Payne's intention that he should be. In a sense "Blood Royal" has a moral—that right must be ruthless if it is to combat wrong—but its main purpose, I think, is diversion. It certainly diverts.

Fiction Notes

SAINTS AND SINNERS: Gerald Sykes has set himself a stiff writing problem in his second novel, **"The Center of the Stage"** (Farrar, Straus & Young, $3), and in the main he has solved it successfully. His hero, David Holderness, he would have us see as a saint, and yet we must not feel, as we are likely to with saints, that he is a prig. The problem is enhanced by the fact that David's wife, Carlotta, is far from being a saint. Brilliant actress, worldly opportunist, she has been leading a somewhat speckled love life while David has been off on a noble scientific mission. He returns to find her the center of a stage crowded with lovers and would-be lovers, including a Lesbian friend, and a group of generally worldly moderns. The long duel in which the center is shifted gradually from the sparkling sinner Carlotta to the saintly David provides the framework for Mr. Sykes's comedy of modern manners which has also a lot to say about morals.

The secondary characters are wittily drawn but more superficially realized than are the principals, and the *roman à clef* effect created by giving some of them characteristics and histories paralleling those of some prominent contemporary figures was distracting to this reader. In general, however, Mr. Sykes has again produced a witty and readable novel with some overtones of meaning which are thought-provoking if not quite as serious as some of the characters seem to believe. —EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

LESBIAN LOVE: Helene is an intense, introverted, motherless child of fifteen when she meets her father's mistress in the opening pages of Françoise Mallet's **"The Illusionist"** (Farrar, Straus & Young, $3). The mistress turns out to be quite a complicated character; she forthwith seduces the innocent Helene and the novel is started on one of those minutely detailed explorations of an eccentric liaison which are peculiarly French. Young Mme. Mallet—she is only twenty—has a straightforward style of exceptional precision and clarity, and she puts her heroine through the tortures of her affair with a sure skill that is remarkable. The tortures are none of them moral. They have to do rather with the fact that the peculiarities of Tamara, the other woman, include a strong streak of overt sadism. In the end Helene escapes the influence of Tamara, but I can't feel the author has left her much chance for a happy future. Apart from her skill in writing and story construction—which received considerable praise from the French press—Mme. Mallet doesn't have much new to say on her special subject, though she is rather more free with physical details than is customary. —E. J. F.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Robert Hearn, in "The Naked and Dead," by Norman Mailer. 2. Francis Baron, in "Exchange of Men," by Joseph Cross. 3. Alice, in "Through the Looking-Glass," by Lewis Carroll. 4. Herbert White, in "The Monkey's Paw," by W. W. Jacobs. 5. Moxon, in "Moxon's Master," by Ambrose Bierce. 6. Harriet Vane, in "Gaudy Night," by Dorothy Sayers. 7. William Demarest, in "Blue Voyage," by Conrad Aiken. 8. Josiah Amberley, in "The Adventure of the Retired Colourman," by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. 9. John Pardee, in "The Bishop Murder Case," by S. S. Van Dine. 10. Dr. B., in "The Royal Game," by Stefan Zweig.

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CONTENTS OF THE "GREAT BOOKS"

(*Continued from page* 11)

Copernican Astronomy, and The Harmonies of the World.

Vol. 17, PLOTINUS: The Six Enneads.

Vol. 18, AUGUSTINE: The Confessions, The City of God, and On Christian Doctrine.

Vols. 19 and 20, THOMAS AQUINAS: Summa Theologica.

Vol. 21, DANTE ALIGHIERI: The Divine Comedy.

Vol. 22, GEOFFREY CHAUCER: Troilus and Cressida, and The Canterbury Tales.

Vol. 23, NICCOLÒ MACHIAVELLI: The Prince. THOMAS HOBBES: Leviathan.

Vol. 24, FRANCOIS RABELAIS: Gargantua and Pantagruel.

Vol. 25, MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE: Essays.

Vols. 26 and 27, WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: Complete works.

Vol. 28, WILLIAM GILBERT: On the Loadstone. GALILEO GALILEI: The Two New Sciences. WILLIAM HARVEY: The Motion of the Heart and Blood in Animals, The Circulation of the Blood, and On Animal Generation.

Vol. 29, MIGUEL DE CERVANTES: Don Quixote de la Mancha.

Vol. 30, FRANCIS BACON: Advancement of Learning, Novum Organum, and New Atlantis.

Vol. 31, RENÉ DESCARTES: Rules for the Direction of the Mind, Discourse on the Method, Meditations on First Philosophy, Objections Against the Meditations, and Replies, and The Geometry. BENEDICT DE SPINOZA: Ethics.

Vol. 32, JOHN MILTON: English Minor Poems, Paradise Lost, Samson Agonistes, and Areopagitica.

Vol. 33, BLAISE PASCAL: The Provinicial Letters, Pensées, Preface to the Treatise on the Vacuum, New Experiments Concerning the Vacuum, Account of the Great Experiment, Concerning the Equilibrium of Fluids, Treatises on the Equilibrium of Liquids and on the Weight of the Mass of the Air, On Geometrical Demonstration, Treatise on the Arithmetical Triangle, and Correspondence with Fermat on the Theory of Probabilities.

Vol. 34, SIR ISAAC NEWTON: Mathematical Principles of Natural Philosophy, and Optics. CHRISTIAN HUYGENS: Treatise on Light.

Vol. 35, JOHN LOCKE: A Letter Concerning Toleration, Concerning Civil Government, and An Essay Concerning Human Understanding. GEORGE BERKELEY: The Principles of Human Knowledge. DAVID HUME: An Enquiry Concerning Human Understanding.

Vol. 36, JONATHAN SWIFT: Gulliver's Travels. LAURENCE STERNE: Tristram Shandy.

Vol. 37, HENRY FIELDING: The History of Tom Jones.

Vol. 38, CHARLES DE MONTESQUIEU: The Spirit of Laws. JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU: On the Origin of Inequality, On Political Economy, and The Social Contract.

Vol. 39, ADAM SMITH: The Wealth of Nations.

Vols. 40 and 41, EDWARD GIBBON: The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.

Vol. 42, IMMANUEL KANT: The Critique of Pure Reason, Fundamental Principles of the Metaphysic of Morals, The Critique of Practical Reason, Preface and Introduction to the Metaphysical Elements of Ethics, General Introduction to the Metaphysic of Morals, The Science of Right, and The Critique of Judgement.

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Vol. 46, GEORG FRIEDRICH HEGEL: The Philosophy of Right, and The Philosophy of History.

Vol. 47, JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE: Faust.

Vol. 48, HERMAN MELVILLE: Moby Dick; or, The Whale.

Vol. 49, CHARLES DARWIN: The Origin of Species, and The Descent of Man.

Vol. 50, KARL MARX: Capital. KARL MARX, FRIEDRICH ENGELS: Manifesto of the Communist Party.

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Vol. 52, FYODOR DOSTOEVSKY: The Brothers Karamazov.

Vol. 53, WILLIAM JAMES: The Principles of Psychology.

Vol. 54, SIGMUND FREUD: The Origin and Development of Psycho-Analysis, Selected Papers on Hysteria, The Sexual Enlightenment of Children, The Future Prospects of Psycho-Analytic Therapy, Observations on "Wild" Psycho-Analysis, The Interpretation of Dreams, On Narcissism, Instincts and Their Vicissitudes, Repression, The Unconscious, A General Introduction to Psycho-Analysis, Beyond the Pleasure Principle, Group Psychology and the Analysis of the Ego, The Ego and the Id, Inhibitions, Symptoms, and Anxiety, Thoughts for the Times on War and Death, Civilization and Its Discontents, and New Introductory Lectures on Psycho-Analysis.

Alien

By Frances Minturn Howard

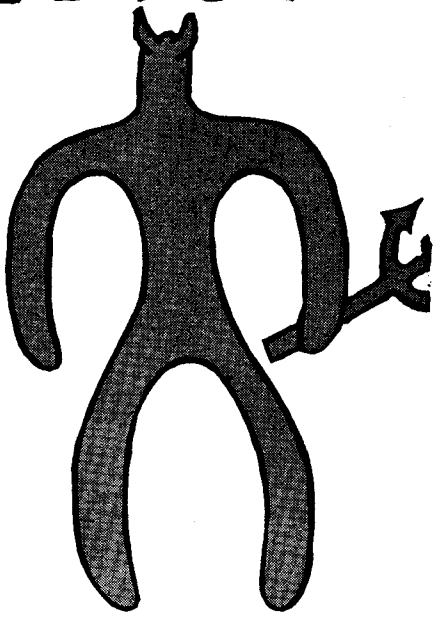
I HAVE outgrown this house, this door,
These shortened walls, this shrunken room—
The ceiling that was once so high
Confines me like an airless tomb.

How far my restless bones have moved
Since as a child I used to stand
And tilt my head to see what now
I touch with ease beneath my hand!

And if familiar walls can shrink
And well-remembered ceilings lie,
How shall I measure what I am
Beneath this blind, deceptive sky?

JIMMY DURANTE says:
"I got a great kick out of
THAT FAUST BOOK."
"THAT FAUST BOOK"
is, of course, the one, the
only — we mean, there is
no other —

THE BEDSIDE FAUST



Adapted and limned by
GEORGE HAIMSOHN

The Faust legend has been kicking around for some 500 years, but to date no one has kicked it as far or as lustily as the artist-author of *The Portable Hamlet.* Marlowe's Faustus was never like this, nor was Goethe's, nor for that matter Gounod's. Mr. Haimsohn has hilariously limned the tragical Doctor's history in 96 captioned cartoons. You may wonder if a man would sell his soul for Haimsohn's Marguerite, you may doubt if the face of his Helen would launch many ships, but you will surely be entertained. Satan indeed finds work for idle hands. Is that a touch of brimstone on the breeze?

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

RETURN OF THE SUMMER EXILES

I HAVE come home to New York on fall days, riding down the familiar hill on the Henry Hudson Parkway where the George Washington Bridge comes into view, and seen a thousand sparrows tossing on the cool winds like confetti in a hero's parade. I have come up the harbor on a new ship while she took the shuddering curtain calls of the Battery. I have come home on a troop ship that stood off 40th Street overnight because she had come up the river too late and the dockers refused to unload the soldiers home from the war because it was after hours. I have come in from the West on the train when the minutes between Newark and New York, which are just fifteen by the clock, were the longest part of the journey. I remember well the ball-bearing works, the lone bump of a hill that stands on the Jersey flats crowned by a billboard, and the smell of the pig farms of Secaucus. Once I floated down the East River in somebody's yacht, and many times I have played the tortoise along the routes that lead to the Holland tunnel and home. There have been those interminable hours flying down from Gander after crossing the sea, and those wonderful night arrivals when the plane swung in with the dust of Orly still on her wheels and all Brooklyn and Queens looked so regal and bejeweled camouflaged with darkness and gleaming lights.

There is something very sweet in coming home, as men have said with sticky lyrics, and the warmth of it doesn't diminish the pleasure of the trip. What traveler whether in New England or on the North Cape has ever found the beds as long, the beds as wide, the beds as soft, the beds as hard, the beds as friendly as the bed at home?

What voyager has not tossed in the alien night because of the unfamiliar noise of the crickets, the unfamiliar absence of the ball game tumbling out of the deaf neighbor's radio. Who has not refused to be cradled by the roll of the ship, or lulled by the crashing of the streamlined cars? Who has not bent his neck at ninety degrees over those triangular mattresses or stuffed frankfurters the Europeans use for pillows. And once home has not the inner man and the outer man glowed with satisfaction sitting there before the open ice box at 12:30 A.M. deciding which would prove more vulnerable to attack, the cold turkey leg or dinnertime's custard? Try to do that in Pango-Pango. Or even in the Mountain View Hotel, Somerset, N.H.

Coming home, of course, aside from necessitating a return to work, involves a number of pitfalls. These begin, in order of ascending seriousness, with such problems as what member of the family welcoming committee to kiss first without straining a relation. In the same category is a fast and light dockside duel concerning the why-didn't-you-write-more-often routine.

Those in the West who have made long trips to the East, those in the East who have made long trips to the West, and those in both extremities who have been to Europe can expect to face more serious problems. One is the Old-Family-Friend-Who-Has-Been-One-More-Place-Than-You-Have. This type delights in playing a geographical Can You Top This? Let us say you fall into raptures over Italy. You've tramped the Pitti Palace, gambled at San Remo, sunned at Santa Margherita, dined beside the Tiber, had an audience with the Pope, swum at Gracie Fields's in Capri, sipped Negronis in Taormina, picked mountain flowers in the Dolomites. Says the Place-Topper: "What? You didn't get to San Gimignano? My dear, you haven't seen Italy."

The traveler who has voyaged far and is thus required to bring home gifts for all will find the equitable division of the swag no less a problem than the partition of Poland. For one thing the Delft vase you bought in Holland and nestled in your arms while the bus made hairpin turns in the Alps doesn't look quite right for mother now, although it was made for her when you bargained for it six weeks ago in The Hague. The apron embroidered with Parisian subleties seemed like a good idea that afternoon on the Rue de Rivoli but now it seems questionable whether Edith can wear it in Pine Hill, N.Y. without causing a social unheaval. And it seems doubtful, too, if Jimmy will be able to bicycle around in the lederhosen that looked so cute in Garmisch without being stoned in Scarsdale.

In the end she who was to get the Delft gets the Chanel, he who was destined for the Dunhill gets the cigarette box that plays "The Third Man" theme, and the clock whose pendulum is a Swiss girl on a swing (too cute to give away) hangs in the kitchen and a year will go by until it is wound again.

I have been down to the docks to watch the *Queen Elizabeth* come in on a gray Tuesday and the *Ile de France* come in on a brilliant Wednesday. The *Mauretania* and the *United States* were in port too, and all four stood together and seemed to pant from the exercise of carting home the travelers and the treasures. "Great stuff, ain't it?" a Customs agent said. "They're bringing back everything, everything in the universe."

Porters streamed off the ships carrying bags strapped together and slung over their shoulders. The medals of adventure were pasted on every valise singing out in bright letters, "Drei Löwen—Munich," "Hotel du Cap—Antibes," "Villa d'Este, Lac de Como," "Hotel Maria Theresia—Innsbruck." There were boxes that said, "Aux Trois Quartiers," crates marked "Très Fragile," and the shaky voice of a lady saying, "I didn't declare the chocolates because they told me at. . . ."

The day the *Ile* came in she had trouble rounding the corner of the pier and so the passengers lined the rail and those who had come to meet the ship stood on the open end of the dock in the fine end-of-summer weather exchanging banter over five yards of water. "Howuzzia cabin?" came a voice. "Est-ce que tu parle français? You speakin' French, now?" There were the embarrassed lulls like a transcontinental phone call when no one has anything to say. There were brief exchanges of news. "Icky's staying in town. She's got a new apartment. She's working four hours a day."

There seemed to be an epidemic of Bavarian headdress aboard the *Ile*, and both Continental gentlemen and extroverted students were sporting velour hats from which great brushes grew. A number of young American jaws were decorated with goatees or the thin chin-line beards affected by French medical students.

A Bryn Mawr graduate from Minneapolis had spent ten weeks and $1,828 on a tour of twelve countries. She passed most of her time with

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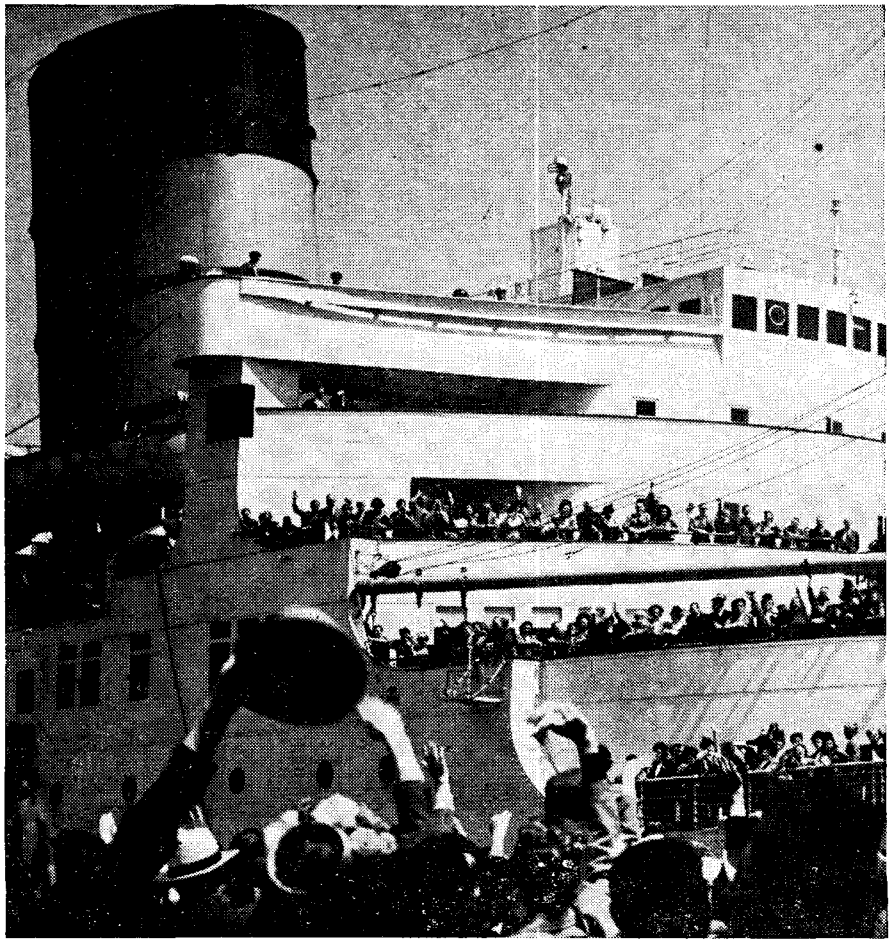

—*Cunard White Star Photo.*

"... What voyager ... has not refused to be cradled by the roll of the ship?"

Americans, got to talk with some Austrian students who made her feel very humble. She thought the tour she had joined had afforded its members "at least a glimmer of a different kind of life. They may not understand it, but they know it's there."

A Philadelphia matron was over for two months. "Of course, I spent all my money in London," she said. "You feel you can trust the British. Solid you know. And I like the Swiss. The bomb damage would make you sick, but the Marshall Plan helped with some of it, didn't it? I went to a showing in France. The cheapest suit I saw was $240. I wanted to buy a little party dress for my niece. Twenty dollars. It was a great trip. I hope I can remember it all."

A conversation with The Bored Type went like this:

What did you cover?
The works
First time?
No, eighth time.
What about the people?
Oh, they're coming back.

A naturalized printer and publisher took his wife and two daughters, spent four months on his first trip since the war, thought his experience was far better in cultural value than any similar trip in the United States. He loved the warmth of the provincial French, although he discerned that they had fallen into "moral degeneration." He felt the change when crossing into Switzerland, "where there isn't that how-much-have-you-got-and-how-can-I-get-it attitude." He made a mistake by taking his car, "which happens to be a Cadillac," for it seemed to be a symbol of rich America on the move, and an invitation to a fleecing. When he discovered people cheating him they would merely shrug and say, "You've got enough, what are you worrying about?"

Some Americans jumped right into the foreign life, treated it with refreshing, if unsophisticated, American candor. "The Feast of Rabadan was on in Tangiers when we arrived. The whole joint was jumping like it was Christmas Eve." So spoke an American divorcee.

On the other hand, many Americans travel with American companions, find the high point of their trip the time they meet someone from home. Asked about what he had found beyond the sea, a young artist's representative summed it up for 1952's joybound Yankees. Said he, "We found that there's a helluva international set."

—Horace Sutton.

TRAVELER'S TALES

HISTORICAL HODGEPODGE: Equipped with a love of the sea and the navies that sail upon it, Max Miller gets a fat opportunity to exercise both preferences in **"Always the Mediterranean"** (Dutton, $3.50). It is titled "Always" because Mr. Miller has chosen a trip with ships of the U.S. Navy, in which he holds a reserve commission, as an excuse for some ramblings about the early days of the Mediterranean. There is much herein about the malpractices of the Deys and Beys of the Barbary States and how they held up the infant United States for ransom, pressing U.S. ships into their service and U.S. sailors into slavery. Mixed in with these musings are some actual vignettes about life with America's current Mediterranean fleet, how its personnel acts aboard ship, on shore leave, and in a company with the descendants of those Barbary characters. At times the book becomes something of a tourist's aid, but it will function mostly as an inspiration to the imagination of travelers cruising the Mediterranean ports. —H. S.

ON THE BOSOM OF TRITON: In June 1923, the S.S. *Trevessa*, a British vessel with a heavy cargo of zinc concentrates, was bound west from Australia across the Indian Ocean. Midway to Madagascar, about as far from land as it is possible to be anywhere on the globe, she sprang a leak during a storm and, because the powdery cargo fouled her pumps, quickly foundered. All hands crowded into the two lifeboats, and their terrible three weeks' sail to safety is the subject of the unpretentious little book **"1700 Miles in Open Boats"** (British Book Center, $2.25), written by the *Trevessa*'s captain, Cecil Foster, in 1924, and now reprinted in the Mariners' Library.

Before landfall was made on two small islands off Madagascar ten of the forty-four survivors had died. Along with these agonies of weather, thirst, and starvation, Captain Foster's story is filled with the kind of detail that seamen find fascinating: how the boats were rigged and handled, how by careful use of sea anchors and oil they were kept from swamping, and how they were navigated without compasses and with no way of computing longitude. These modestly-told details testify impressively to the seamanship and discipline that form the tradition of the British Merchant Navy, a tradition strong enough to carry the polyglot crew of the *Trevessa* through an ordeal that is the equal of that of Captain Bligh. —Thomas E. Cooney.

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BOOKS · FOR · YOUNG · PEOPLE

FROM THE MAINE WOODS

READING the new books here in the Maine woods tends to make one choose those that give pure pleasure rather than impart information. It is fun to read about a young Saudi Arabian gazelle, to absorb the sights and scents of the desert in the greenness of a northern forest. It is fun to turn from the gazelle to the sturdy, humorous Norwegian folk-tales, to the trolls and the white bear and the pine trees. Here, where the virgin woods stretch away to the border of Canada and beyond, it is a rich experience to read the two books that tell the story of our forests and the paper-making industry. Even here there are scars where the lumbermen have come and gone. But nature here is quick to heal them. And man, too, is learning to conserve "gifts from the forest."

—MARY GOULD DAVIS.

SKEETER: The Story of an Arabian Gazelle. By Robert Shaffer. Illustrated by Kurt Wiese. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 192 *pp.* $2.75.

This is a fascinating book. It will probably be read with as much pleasure by adults as by the older boys and girls. Even the younger children will appreciate, if it is read aloud to them, the strangeness and beauty of the Saudi Arabian background and the alluring quality of the little gazelle—his humor and intelligence, his grace and charm. When the Arabian boy Hussein brought Skeeter to the American official who tells the story, he was so tiny that he could be held on the palm of a man's hand. But Skeeter became famous, not only in the American and British colonies, but among the natives and even to the royal family. With Skeeter's story runs the appealing, pathetic tale of Mesco, the native dog who was "adopted" by an English officer. The Saudi Arabian scene is beautifully drawn. One of the story's values is the grace and felicity of its wording:

"Then I heard the soft *munch, munch* of many heavy feet crunching the sand and the quiet ripple of slowly moving bodies. The shadow of the *wadi* cliff concealed us, but just beyond in a moon-lit area appeared the long weaving line of a camel caravan. As each camel stepped into view he became outlined against the sky. Each was piled high with baggage and trappings, and every other one carried the higher outline of a man perched atop its load. We remained silent, not knowing if they were baggage trains or unfriendly nomads."

This true story, set in an unfamiliar scene, has a great deal to say to the young people of America. The outstanding characters are animals—Skeeter, the little gazelle, and Mesco, the native dog. But the background is unusually vivid, the relationship between the native Arabians and the American and English officials natural and well-balanced, and the story has action and a delightful humor. Kurt Wiese's drawings of Skeeter harmonize perfectly with his story.

THE BEAUTIFUL SHIP: A Story of the Great Lakes. By John B. Prescott. Decorations by Allan Thomas. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 182 *pp.* $250.

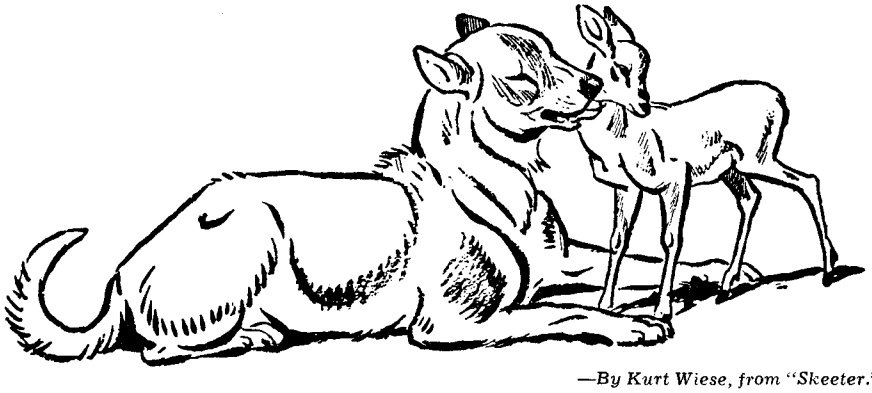
We do not remember a story with just this setting. It tells of the Scandinavian fishing communities on the shore of Lake Superior, of the cut-throat competition and the traditions that have governed fishing in the Great Lakes for many, many years. Eric Jorgenson, the hero, is a strong, well-drawn character. He is the son of the official warden of the district and for that reason is regarded with suspicion by the older and more backward fishermen. His fight to buy and hold on to "the beautiful ship," the *Good Hope,* brings him into conflict not only with the "pirates" of the Great Lakes, but with the men who resent the official rules and laws. It is a dramatic, fast-moving story that reminds this reviewer of Rudyard Kipling's "Captains Courageous." One of the fishermen, old Otto, is drawn so convincingly that one could never forget him. On the whole, we consider this one of the best of the stories for older boys and girls of the season—so far.

ZUSKA OF THE BURNING HILLS. By Alvena Seckar. Pictures by Kathleen Voute. New York: Oxford University Press. 222 *pp.* $2.75.

This is an unusual story in an unusual setting. The burning hills are the great heaps of slag in a coal-mining town in West Virginia. Zuska's people were Slovaks, as were most of the miners. Her father and mother were wonderful people, trying their best to keep order and bring a bit of beauty into the ugly surroundings and to give their children more than the bare necessities. Zuska herself is an admirably drawn character, and her story runs smoothly to a comparatively happy ending. It is a book that will be appreciated by older girls and even by their younger sisters.

KIT CARSON: MOUNTAIN MAN. By Margaret E. Bell. Illustrated by Harry Daugherty. New York: William Morrow & Co. 71 *pp.* $2.

When Jeannette Eaton's biography of George Washington came out last year it was announced as the first of a series of biographies for younger boys and girls. This is the second book of that series. The text, by the author of several exceptionally good stories for older girls, is direct, interesting, and crystal clear. The illustrations are outstanding. Through the drawings the children will get a vivid impression of the strenuous "trail-making" of the hero, and of his many fights with the Indians. It is a very attractive book—as appealing as Miss Eaton's George Washington, which set



—By Kurt Wiese, from "Skeeter."

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a high standard in both text and illustration.

JAREB. By Miriam Powell. Illustrated by Marc Simont. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 241 *pp.* $2.50.

A story of the loblolly pine country in Georgia, this is an unusually good character sketch of a boy and of his dog. Jareb loved his dog, Sawbuck, but he was obliged to admit that he was a "lazy hound." There is real pathos in his efforts to prove that Sawbuck was a "coon hound," and in his love for the pines that were being rapidly denuded for the ruthless seekers of turpentine. With Jareb's story is the story of the war between the men who longed to save the forests and the men who were determined to destroy them. It is a story that gives a vivid picture of the Georgia pine country and its people. Boys and girls will like it for the sake of Jareb and Sawbuck. There are chapter headings and illustrations by Marc Simont.

THE CHOCOLATE TOUCH. By Patrick Skene Catling. Illustrated by Mildred Coughlin McNutt. New York: William Morrow & Co. 95 *pp.* $2.50.

John Midas was so greedy for candy that he spent all his pocket money for it and never gave anyone else a bite. One day he picked up a strange coin, found a strange and hitherto unknown shop, and bought a box of candy that had one small piece of chocolate in it. But that bit of chocolate changed John's whole life. From then on every single thing that he touched his lips to turned into chocolate. What a day John had! It ended when he kissed his mother and she turned into a chocolate statue. John's story has, of course, a happy ending. He learned his lesson. It is told with an engaging humor that the younger boys and girls will instantly discover and approve. The pencil drawings that illustrate it are just exactly right.

THE HEN THAT SAVED THE WORLD: And Other Norwegian Folk Tales. Retold by Margaret Sperry. Illustrated by Per Beckman. New York: John Day Company. 64 *pp.* $2.25.

This new translation of six of the Norwegian folk tales recorded by Asbejornsen and Moe was made by an American who spent her childhood in the Scandinavian countries and lives now in Sweden. American children will find most of them familiar. The first story, "The Bewitched Cat," is a variant of the French "Puss-in-Boots" and the Finnish "Mighty Mikko." The story called "The Christmas Bear" has been told at many a Christmas story hour in Sur George Dasent's translation. He called it "The Cat on the Dovrefeld." His is the more dramatic version, ending as it does with the terse, humorous dialogue between Helvor and the troll. All children who have listened to storytellers here in this country will know the title story. It is told here in a direct, vigorous dialogue. The book will have great value to storytellers and to the boys and girls who will strongly approve the drawings by Per Beckman. They are strong black-and-white line drawings, rich with atmosphere and humor. We particularly like the one of the mournful bear with his tail in the hole of the ice-bound lake, waiting to catch a fish. The background of mountain and fir trees is very effective. Per Beckman is a new illustrator to this reviewer. We shall look forward to seeing more of his drawings.

—By Per Beckman, from "The Hen That Saved the World."

THE MAGIC CURRANT BUN. By John Symonds. Illustrated by André Francois. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 39 *pp.* $2.

Many little boys and girls will remember André François's drawings for "Little Boy Brown"—drawings of a New York apartment house that were funny and very original. In this story we are in Paris where Pierre, seeing a lonely-looking little currant bun in a pastry shop, seized it and ran off with it. The chase that follows takes us through the streets and squares of Paris and involves a number of very French and very amusing characters. We wonder, though, how much it will all mean to American children who have never seen Paris. The tendency to burlesque is strong and it includes Pierre himself, who looks in some of the drawings like a decrepit little old man. Is it necessary to have background to appreciate the humor in this picture book? Only the little children can answer that question. It will almost certainly bring chuckles from grownups.

SWAMP CHIEF. By Zachary Ball. New York: Holiday House. 212 *pp.* $2.50.

This is a sequel to the story of "Joe Panther," the Seminole Indian boy who learned to serve as mate on one of the deep-sea fishing boats off the coast of Southern Florida. In this the old chief of the Seminoles dies, and Joe's father takes his place. Joe is caught between his loyalty to his tribe and his conviction that the old enmity between the Indians and the white man in Florida must be changed to friendship and cooperation.

GIFTS FROM THE FOREST. By Gertrude Wallace Wall. Photography by John Calvin Towsley. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 96 *pp.* $2.50.

The end-papers of this handsome book show a map of the United States printed in green, with the forest regions indicated on it. Mrs. Wall's text tells of the California forests, of the marking and cutting of the trees and the process in the mills where they are prepared for marketing. Beautiful photographs show in detail the process of providing wood for all the uses that it is put to. One shows the tools that are used by the "fallers," one the shoes that they wear when they are "limbing." The text is clear and informing, and the photographs exceptional.

FROM TREES TO PAPER: The Story of Newsprint. By Henry B. Lent. Illustrated with Photographs. New York: The Macmillan Co. 149 *pp.* $2.75.

Henry Lent tells a factual story so well that his books have always been popular among the older boys and girls. In this he tells of the Canadian forests and the men who survey, mark, cut, and send on their way to the pulp mills the trees from which we get our newspaper print. It is an exceptionally interesting, well-told story illustrated with informing photographs.

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GUIDE TO PARNASSUS

(*Continued from page* 17)

cannot help but acclaim the evils that have disappeared from the life of man —gladiatorial combats and trials for witchcraft, slavery and dueling and plague. How were these changes effected? By appeals to men's sense of justice, their compassion, above all to their reason—by, in fact, the power of the idea. The situation in the Middle Ages in regard to plague was not radically different from the situation of the contemporary world in regard to war. Plague was universal and ubiquitous, and no adequate means of dealing with it were known. Perhaps the commonest method was to gather the citizens together in church to pray that the plague might be avoided, thus providing the most favorable conditions for its spread. But when men had suffered long enough and badly enough, the power of the idea came into its own; for it was this and nothing else that prompted some unknown medical man to tell mankind, "We don't know how to cure the plague but we can tell you how to prevent it. Keep sewage out of your water."

Similarly, when men have suffered long enough and badly enough they will see the point of the avoidance of war, just as five hundred years ago they saw the point of the prevention of plague, and will find themselves once again in the power of the idea which insists, "We cannot tell you how to stop war once it has begun, but we can tell you how to prevent it. Set up a world government supported by a world police." It is in this way that sooner or later ideas change the life of man.

And the second reason is, as Mr. Hutchins himself puts it, a liberal education is an end in itself. In other words, to know what great men have thought and said memorably about life is a good which demands no justification and can receive none, for the enlargement and the enrichment of the human mind is surely to be valued as an end in itself and not as a means to some end beyond itself. Too much contemporary education confers, and is designed to confer, no more than the means to get a living; there is a nobler ideal, the cultivation of a life worth living.

PSYCHOLOGY: THE FRONTIERS OF MIND

(*Continued from page* 23)

tures who will never learn. Yet, looking back over human history, one tests of mental aliveness was: "Is there air and space in your mind?" His whole life was a growth from insight to new insight. No academy and no ideology has ever been able to mold him into a changeless glory.

It is fitting that the volumes by James and Freud should come last in the series. Psychology is the youngest of the sciences. James's "Principles of Psychology" (contained in full in one volume of the series) marked a new epoch in man's thinking about himself, while the works of Freud introduced an utterly new concept into man's treatment of his psychic disorders. But neither of these works could have been written, much less conceived, until the older sciences—mathematics, physics, biology, physiology, medicine, and the rest—had achieved some measure of maturity. These are of the latest born of man's scientific genius.

The James volume was an overnight success and a literary as well as a scientific wonder. Ever since, it has remained basic in psychological scholarship. To find in the Freud volume the bulk of his writings is to be helped enormously to see Freud clear. Here, among other selections, is Freud's early statement on "The Origin and Development of Psychoanalysis"; his "Selected Papers on Hysteria"; his "Interpretation of Dreams"; his "Group Psychology and the Analysis of the Ego"; his "Civilization and Its Discontents"; and, finally, his "New Introductory Lectures on Psycho-Analysis," written when he had lived through most of his embattled scientific life.

This is a great publishing project. If this reviewer may venture one word of criticism, it is that neither the James nor Freud has an index; although the original James publication was equipped with one. A "great book," just because it is great, will need to be returned to many times. But how is the workmanlike reader to rediscover the elusive passage he vaguely recalls? For the sake of all baffled half-rememberers—of whom I am one—I beg the indispensable index.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 965

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. First name, wife of second President of the U. S.	22 8 135 7 175 130 56
B. Of the nature of the substitution of a new obligation for an old one, etc. (law).	152 120 13 158 84 2 18 92
C. A division of the Spartan army bound together by oath (Gr. *antiq.*).	143 76 12 91 17 88 161
D. Fully.	44 99 181 118 15 170 150
E. Name of five kings of early Spain.	27 168 16 66 142 151
F. Isinglass.	5 60 104 107 145 70 101 167 39 87
G. Supporting and stiffening axis of the body in lowest vertebrates.	23 182 46 3 64 108 55 37 53
H. Figuratively, to assert and deny (3 wds.).	155 184 93 177 136 74 43 121 166 117 149
I. Dutch physiologist, Nobel Prize in Medicine, 1924.	109 48 148 106 25 77 67 146 83
J. Whirling.	32 82 156 58 26 98 128 137
K. A language developed in So. Africa from seventeenth century Dutch.	80 40 127 138 4 141 105 52 154
L. Referring to patronage bestowed for relationship, not merit.	95 33 163 173 65 178 126
M. Formed into a rainbow.	41 90 115 139 19 183
N. A member of a Russian party resorting to terrorism.	6 57 21 100 165 112 45 28
O. A sudden and groundless fright.	116 86 102 31 131
P. A character in "King Henry VI" (2 wds.).	62 85 111 75 103 51 160 169 147 144
Q. First name, American poet and critic (1874-1925).	162 124 29
R. Power of receiving, containing, or absorbing.	10 49 164 63 134 59 129 34
S. Name of two brothers, founders of Flemish school of painting.	153 185 114 11
T. Unity.	157 42 171 113 123 132 38
U. Stone vessels in which water is contained for baptizing.	30 94 179 20 81
V. Opera by Auber.	72 78 61 159 71 36 96 125 1 133
W. Made void of contents.	35 174 110 172 73 79 122
X. Mountain climbing in the Alps.	9 50 54 68 176 97 119 140
Y. Rotted or injured by exposure.	47 14 24 69 89 180

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

1 V	2 B	3 G	4 K	5 F	6 N	7 A		8 A	9 X	10 R	11 S		12 C	13 B	14 Y	15 D
	16 E	17 C	18 B	19 M		20 U	21 N	22 A	23 G		24 Y	25 I	26 J	27 E	28 N	29 Q
—	30 U	31 O	32 J	33 L		34 R	35 W	36 V	37 G	38 T		39 F	40 K		41 M	42 T
43 H	44 D	45 N	46 G	47 Y	48 I	49 R	50 X		51 P	52 K	53 G		54 X	55 G	56 A	57 N
58 J	59 R	60 F	61 V	62 P		63 R	64 G	65 L	66 E	67 I	68 X	69 Y	70 F		71 V	
72 V	73 W	74 H	75 P		76 C	77 I		78 V	79 W	80 K	81 U	82 J	83 I		84 B	85 P
	86 O	87 E	88 G	89 Y	90 M		91 C	92 B		93 H	94 U	95 L	96 V	97 X	98 J	99 D
100 N	101 F	102 O		103 P	104 F	105 K	106 I		107 F	108 G	109 I		110 W	111 P	112 N	113 T
114 S	115 M	116 O	117 H	118 D	119 X		120 B	121 H		122 W	123 T	124 Q	125 V	126 L	127 K	128 J
129 R	130 A	131 O		132 T	133 V	134 R	135 A	136 H	137 J	138 K	139 M	140 X		141 K	142 E	143 C
	144 P	145 F	146 I		147 P	148 I	149 H	150 D		151 E	152 B	153 S	154 K		155 H	156 J
157 T	158 B	159 V	160 P	161 C		162 Q	163 L	164 R	165 N	166 H	167 F	168 E	169 P	170 D	171 T	
172 W	173 L		174 W	175 A	176 X	177 H	178 L	179 U	180 Y		181 D	182 G	183 M	184 H	185 S	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 37 of this issue.

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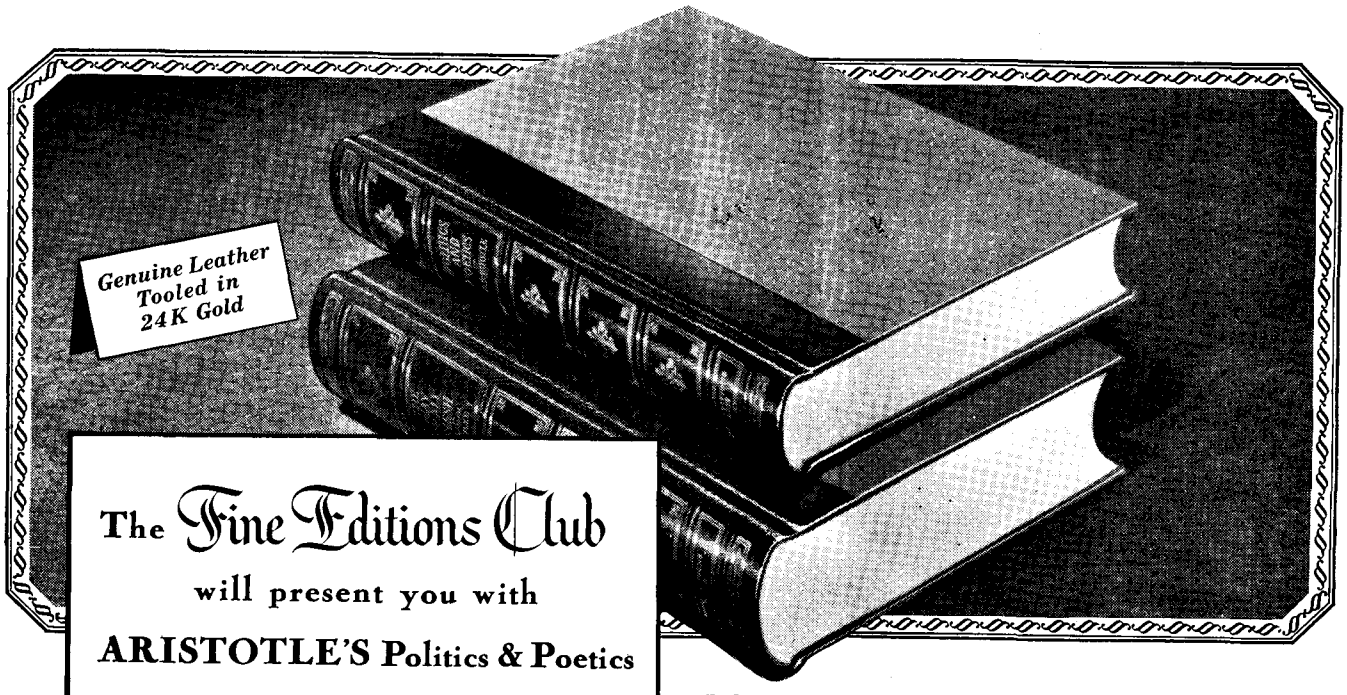

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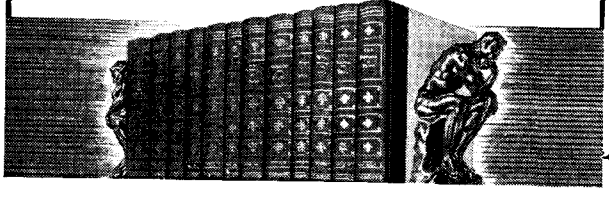

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